VOL. CCXII, No. 2772

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THE SPHERE, MARCH 28, 1953
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Guinness Guide to Savouries

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

A deep dish and a hot oven, and your soufflé (whisked white of egg folded into cheese sauce) will defy the law of gravity. If served as soon as baked, and eaten as soon as served, it will have the creamy consistency of the head of a Guinness.

SCOTCH WOODCOCK

Neither Scotch, nor a woodcock, but buttered toast spread with anchovy paste, covered with egg yolks cooked with cream and criss-crossed with anchovy fillets. The added dash of salt and cayenne increases your receptiveness to the Guinness that goes so well with this savoury.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

This is a savoury as heavenly as its name. Wrap plump, beardless oysters in rashers of streaky bacon. Now grill, and lay reverently on slivers of buttered toast ready to be served sizzling hot. The halos are all but visible.

SURPRISE TOMATOES

A decorative savoury, hissing hot or blandly cold — it's up to you; as is the choice of tidbits for the filling. Tunny, or ham and mushroom, mixed with the pulp, are capital. Or try breaking an egg into each and baking them.

DEVILS ON HORSEBACK

Like their angelic fellow-troopers, these delectable morsels are uniformed in bacon, but this time it conceals a piece of chicken liver, sprinkled with chopped shallot and parsley and dusted with cayenne. Devils? Only in so far as they're grilled.

CHEESE STRAWS

Though nowadays they generally accompany cocktails, they are among the traditional English mealtime savouries. Equal parts of flour, Parmesan and butter, plus egg-yolk, are the elements of these crisp little melting faggots; and a little cayenne gives them a soul.

EGGS MIMOSA

Fill scooped-out halves of hard-boiled eggs with a *pâté* of cooked liver or meat paste, and cover lightly with a mixture of Béchamel sauce and mayonnaise. Then sift the egg yolks over all through a coarse sieve—a covering of golden balls like the flowers of mimosa.

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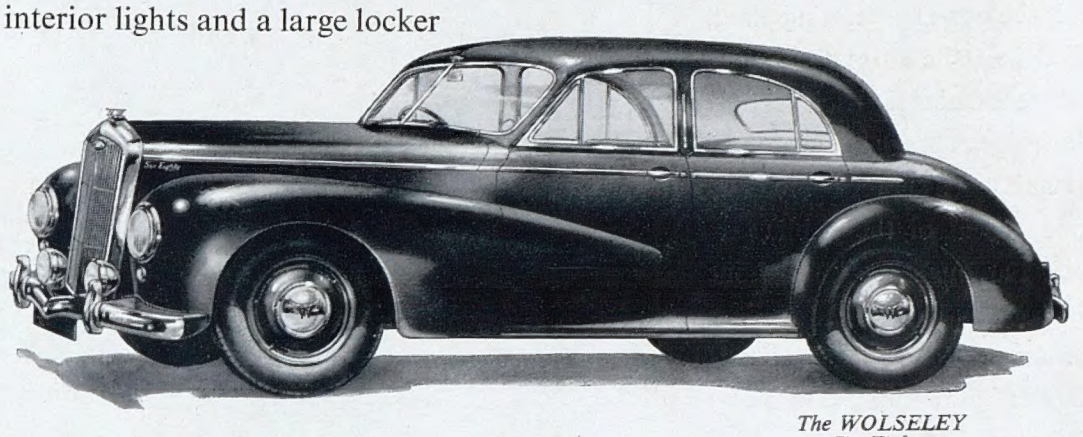

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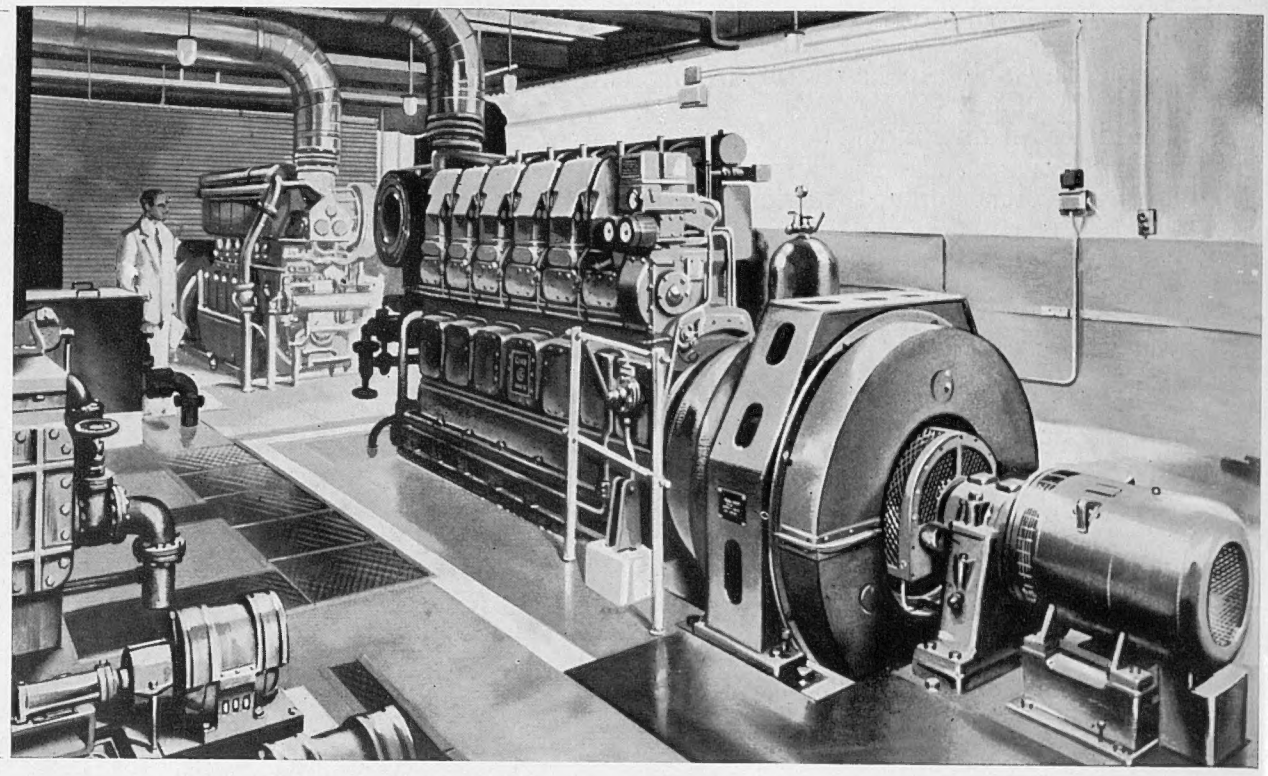

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Volume CCXII No. 2772 The SPHERE, London, March 28, 1953

The SPHERE
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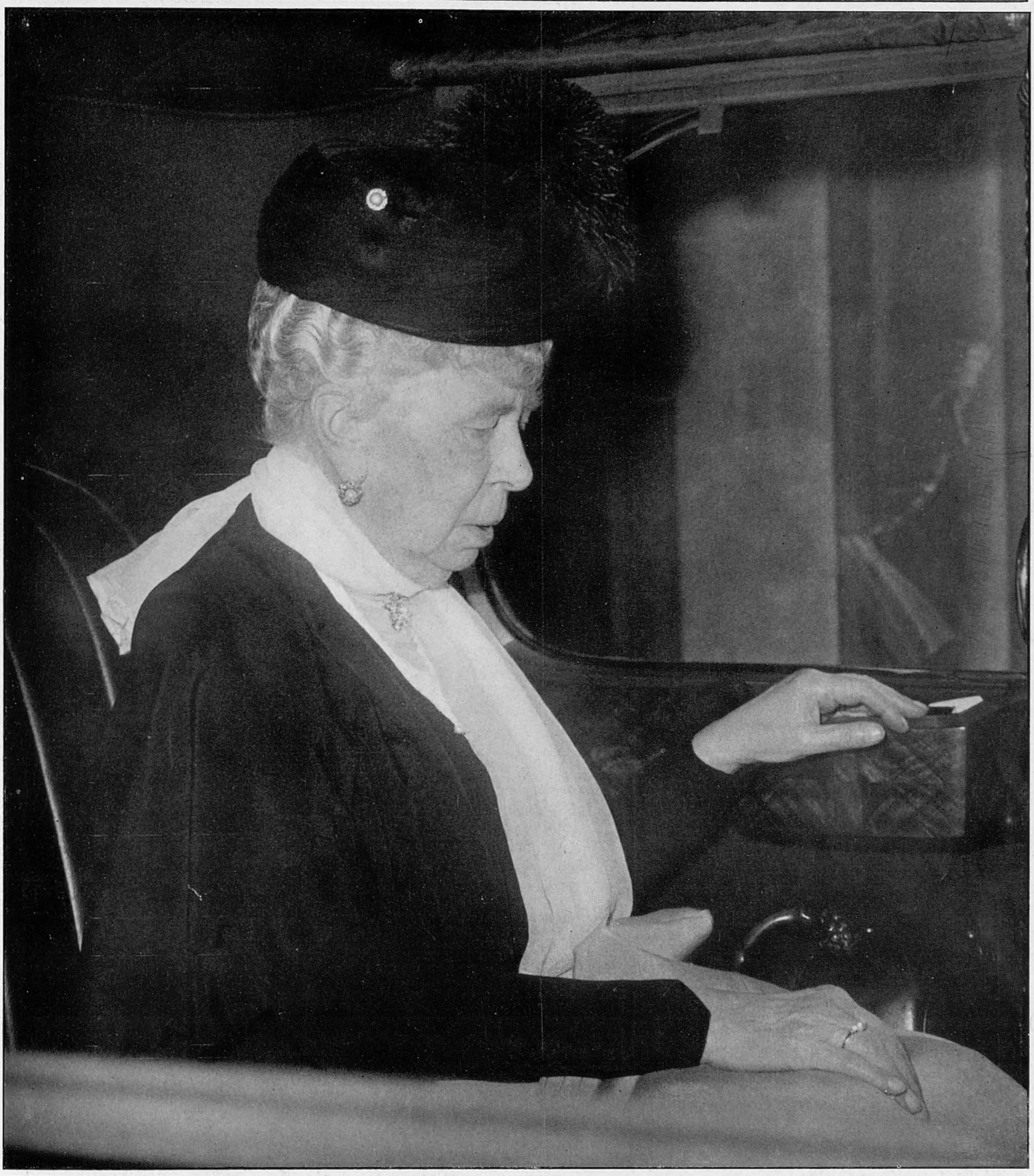


THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY—**THE BELOVED CONSORT OF THE LATE KING GEORGE V, WHO DIED LAST TUESDAY IN HER EIGHTY-SIXTH YEAR AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: Within less than three months of her granddaughter's Coronation as Elizabeth II, Queen Mary passed away after several weeks of mounting anxiety and with members of her family around her. The crisis came last Tuesday, when bulletins were posted outside Marlborough House for the first time.**

Queen Mary, who brought to her position as Queen Consort of England a superb dignity and graciousness, and came to be regarded as one of the best-loved public figures of our time, died this week at her home at Marlborough House, only six weeks after she had last driven out in London to make an inspection of the stands being erected for her granddaughter's Coronation. The first indication of Queen Mary's illness was given in a statement on March 3, when it was said that she had been confined to bed with a recurrence of gastric trouble. As the weeks wore on the situation deteriorated, and then came last Tuesday's announcement of a serious weakening of the heart action, bulletins being posted in the morning and the early afternoon. Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace on May 26, 1867, the eldest child and only daughter of the Duke of Teck and his wife Mary, a daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge. Her marriage to the Duke of York, the future George V, was celebrated on July 6, 1893. In next week's issue of "The Sphere" there will be a full pictorial record of Queen Mary's life.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

RUSSIANS RETURN THE LINCOLN BOMBER

THE BRITISH LINCOLN BOMBER SHOT DOWN BY RUSSIAN MIG FIGHTERS IS RETURNED TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : The lorries containing the wreckage of the bomber, which was shot down during a routine training flight near the border of the British and Russian Zones of Germany, crossing the check point into the British Zone, while on their way to the R.A.F. base at Celle. Protests were immediately lodged by the British Government and the Air Ministry announced that all training aircraft would in future be fully armed. Later General Chuikov, head of the Soviet Control Commission, suggested that a conference should be called between Russian and British representatives to discuss the rules relating to planes flying over the Soviet Zone.

LAST RITES FOR FIVE OF THE SEVEN MEN KILLED IN THE LINCOLN BOMBER : The funeral cortège seen on its way from Leconfield Aerodrome, East Yorkshire, to the church for the service. The other two members of the crew were buried privately.

THE AIRCRAFT TRAGEDY AT DUXFORD

THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE TWO METEOR AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE DURING THE DISPLAY STAGED IN HONOUR OF MARSHAL TITO : An armed guard stands in the background, while another airman inspects the wreckage about five miles from the Duxford Control Tower. Both aircraft crashed over Chrishall Grange, one plane burying itself in the Manor grounds and the other falling half a mile away.

THE WIDELY-SCATTERED WRECKAGE : The accident occurred as four Meteors were changing formation from line astern and turning to port at the end of a series of formation aerobatics. The two machines at the rear touched, turned over and then fell.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Father William Malenkov.—

" You may think it right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs ? "

Naturally we are asking that question of Malenkov, and in the appropriate language, for Communist Russia is a wonderland and its communications must be read in a looking-glass. For my part, though I have no clue to Malenkov and doubt whether he has decided on a gentling of Russian policy in the cold war as yet, at any rate I should be disinclined to use the recent barbarous shooting down of our aircraft in Germany as an ugly pointer. I do not see why the olive-branches in his speeches and the stinging-nettles should stem from the same root. Russia may claim to be perfectly organised and rigidly controlled, but we have heaps of evidence that Russian soldiers and airmen can be Tartars and are by no means disciplined like British Guardsmen. If we assume that a special order was sent to the forces at Stalin's death for renewed vigilance against attack from the West (an order inspired by fear and uncertainty), we can well believe that one windy local air-commander and a couple of heady pilots could bring about this shocking act of brigandage even to the embarrassment of the Kremlin. But without these contradicting evidences, I treat Malenkov's repeated " olive-branches " with reserve, the reserve which wishful-thinking pointers deserve, with the cynicism of hope always deferred and often killed. We heard the same promises and aspirations from Stalin time and again, often on the eve of a new turn of the screw. If there is anything in it, we are ready to take it up.

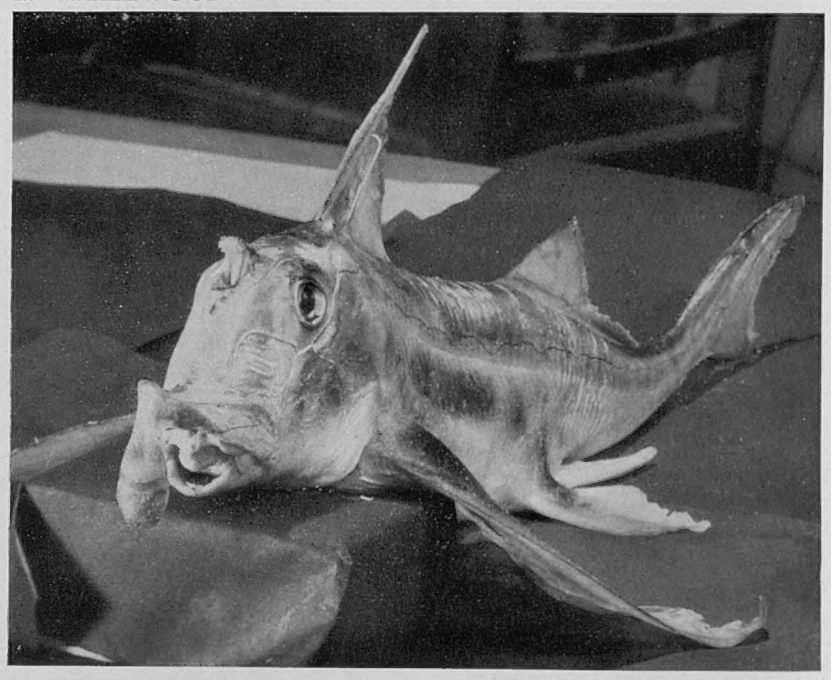
Tito.—

Marshal Tito's visit has passed off very well. The police force can now relax with relief. The head of Yugoslavia has been received by the Queen and given all the graceful attentions which Court and Governments pay to leaders of foreign and friendly States. The Marshal is an avowed Communist. He is in some sort a dictator. He has been charged, not without evidence, of persecuting the Church in his country. None of these things is regarded with favour in Britain. But an Englishman's personal aversions are not necessarily the basis for the conduct of international relations. Tito's recent career and achievements have many features which recommend him to Englishmen. His courage and skill in refusing to be absorbed into the Russian slave-pen, his unending and successful struggle for the independence and prosperity of a virile nation, capable of playing a big part in the balance of world power and the preservation of peace. Stalin in 1941 was hardly *persona grata* to our Government or people. He had done us dirt with Hitler and he stood for, and had avowed his intention to absorb us into, Communism. But the " greater good " outweighed the (short-term) lesser evil, and from that year onwards to Stalin's death British Ministers have done their damnedest to win over Russian Communism to at least a civilised compromise with Western democracy—in the great cause of world security. In welcoming Tito, therefore, we could not be charged either with hypocrisy or with materialistic compromise. We rejected the precedent set by our ancestors when " General Hyena " came over. Indeed, we like what we know of his brave guerilla warfare and we cheered him in the streets. In our resistance to Communist imperialism, those who are not actively against us are our allies ; those who have a foot in either camp are judged capable of conversion or redemption. And, anyway, any means to a better understanding among nations are among the prime objects of diplomacy. We are forever compelled to wipe slates clean in international relations. We are obviously prepared to forgive a mighty lot to Egypt and Persia. If Tito is not a good enough Communist for some Communists, nor sufficiently freedom-loving for freedom lovers, not as sincere a churchman as some heads of State, he is the head of a State which we regard as of signal importance on the international chess-board, a State which we all hope may improve its relations with us to mutual advantage. I have never understood why Franco never benefits from any of these arguments as are applicable to his case and to Spain.

The " Usual Channels."—

Wherever one finds a leader of a State with dictatorial or semi-dictatorial power nowadays, one may expect that he will prefer to by-pass the " usual diplomatic channels " and to make his representations public *via* the Press. And this first approach to the Press ensures that the weapon of diplomacy will be propaganda, the language of diplomacy will be unrestrained and the objects of diplomacy (to settle differences between nations in a courteous and reasonable way) will be rejected. Moreover, in the nature of things in the newspaper world, however careful and responsible the reporters, stress is bound to be laid on the more sensational items in the statement, such as charges of bad faith, threats and bitter taunts. So it has long been in Russia, Persia, Egypt and elsewhere, and time and again this by-passing of the usual and civilised channels has blocked the way to peaceful settlements, conciliation and understanding, and almost always the by-passer has seemed to lose as much as anyone by this urge to get in first with his case. The dignity, the responsibility and the usefulness of diplomacy and its institutions have all declined in the past troublous decades, in part due to ever-increasing facilities for swift communication, in part, perhaps, to a misguided modern policy of filling diplomatic posts from outside the ranks of trained diplomats. The responsible Press of the West would be first to agree that it is ill-equipped to become an " excellent substitute " for diplomatic channels in the present feverish state of nationalism, and most of us would agree with that and with the theory that neglecting the prime functions of diplomacy has resulted in a very pernicious habit of violent, intemperate, one-sided propaganda which acerbates every international dispute. In other words, one of the chief causes of world tension is the abandonment of good manners and civilised behaviour between the heads of States. The " language of diplomacy " may have caused an occasion for ridicule now and then, but it is still by far the most effective Esperanto. Thus, Tito's visit to us has another claim to our appreciation.

A THREE-POUND ELEPHANT SHARK IS LANDED



THIS RARE FISH WAS CAUGHT OFF MIDDLE BRIGHTON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA : The elephant shark, 16 ins. long, a rare visitor to Australian waters, has a nose with a " trapdoor lid " between its eyes while a projecting feeler above the mouth is used to find food on the ocean bed. The shark has two dorsal fins, a double-finned tail, and two sets of wing-like fins beneath its body.

History Without Tears.—

Two little exhibitions which I would not have missed, and strongly recommend, are those of the Kings and Queens at Burlington House and the Abbey Treasures at St. James's Palace. Each is a masterpiece of arrangement and cataloguing. I would have the catalogue of the Kings and Queens given free to every scholar in every school in Britain. When King George V, who energetically educated himself late in life, once expressed his surprise on hearing that George III was *not* the son of George II, I confess that, as his first biographer, I felt no inclination to say tch ! tch ! And this admirable catalogue, with its little pen portraits of all our sovereigns, confirmed my own ignorance and justified my attitude of tolerance for that great king's imperfect grounding in English history. I spelt through that *Who's Who* of British kings like a studious boy reading English history for the first time. I found I had not known the parentage or the end of at least one-third of our sovereigns ! Many of the portraits are of supreme interest and some of great merit. But Birley's Princess Elizabeth is a blot. I am quite certain that no Royal lady should ever be painted or photographed in garter robes. They may suit men. They do not suit women. Among the Westminster Abbey Treasures at St. James's Palace, there is much to marvel at. The magnificent condition and beauty of altar-cloths and other needlework, centuries old ; the death-mask of Henry VII, which brings him and his times into the twentieth century ; the romantic story of Sarah Hughes, the Prebendary's servant, who saved from her salary of £5 a year enough to buy two splendid altar candlesticks. But (above all else) the little bust of Abbot

lip, sculptured by a master-hand in the early six-enth century and rescued from oblivion very recently. his little masterpiece alone would repay a journey om Chicago.

Back to Edwardianism.—Tiaras will all the rage this summer. Those who have sold pawned their sparklers in the struggle to live must deem them somehow or make do with paste, for everybody who is somebody" must sport a tiara Coronation year, must wear it on the hair at night id on the crown of a picture-hat by day. Diamonds e the proof of social importance in 1953. This nfirms my opinion that all this talk and all these ts of Socialism in past decades are "my eye nd Betty Martin." The popular Press, with its ooo,ooo circulations, stars these brilliant trends and atures, and is presumably read and supported by the workers," who clearly are still Edwardians at heart, anker after the "great days" of showmanship and xury and feel that life was never more colourful and od than in the first decade of this century. So iamonds it is, and the unfortunate male, who dare ot put a tiara on his bowler, must resort again to the jewelled scarf pin," the ruby solitaire and the flowered aistcoat, and if, even then, he cannot claim to be of he inner circle of the smart set, he can and will pay ue deference to his social betters and gobble up etails of their fashions, their clothes and their enter-ainments. Coronation years are great days for privilege nd showmanship, and all England approves. But hen it is all over and the captains and the Kings' epresentatives return to their capitals and the bunting nd the pageantry are laid away, I shall not be sur-rised if a still, small voice is heard in the mean streets rying "Never again." A voice in the wilderness . . . ? he popular Press never doubts, and never will, that e are Edwardians to a man, nostalgic for the sweets f those not-so-dead yesterdays. And, true to its rusteeship, still gives the public what it wants. obody can deny that it is "first with the news," small matters and big. It knows the secrets of he Chancelleries and the Cabinets long before the tatesmen and ambassadors hear them, and the secret ravings of the common man's heart before he knows hem himself.

Justice for the Judge.—Flowers for he judge have arrived at last. He has waited long or this recognition. When "in the bad old days" he puisne-judge was granted his salary, he enjoyed t practically in full and in those distant days £5,000 as £5,000, and allowed him ease, dignity and even uxury. Since the last war, I doubt if his £5,000 gave im £2,500 a year to spend, and even £2,500 does not o-day secure dignity and ease, let alone luxury. His new bouquet, £1,000 a year free of income- and ur-tax, should give him £3,500 a year net, an "upper-cale income" to-day, but not to compare with that f the Lords of finance and industry, and of film stars nd other V.I.P.s. I fancy the chief virtue of this ardy act of justice will be that it will less certainly leter the most competent recruits from the Bar from ccepting promotion to the Bench. The Bench needs he very best available lawyers, and the difficulty of iving in reasonable dignity and freedom from anxiety hould not stand in the way of that obvious ideal. The ost to the Exchequer will be trifling—something under 100,000 a year—if it helps to strengthen the Judica-ure. Those economists who object to the "tax-free" rinciple of increasing judges' emoluments should take ote that to give the Lord Chancellor a net £1,000 year rise, we should have to pay him £40,000 a ear gross.

An Unthinkable Risk.—The whips ecently ordained that sixty Members of Parliament thirty Tory, thirty Labour) must not fly together in Vickers Viscount. The risk of losing sixty of our M.P.s at one fell swoop (though very small on the iscount's record) is yet too frightful to contemplate. here is a precedent for this rule from Canada two ears back. We might express surprise at this safety recaution if we had not been advised of the under-ying reasoning. It is not really the loss of the M.P.s hich the whips cannot face, but the prospect of sixty by-elections (with all their hideous possibilities). The en could be replaced. The vacant seats might not e retained. I wonder what Authority would say if ixty doctors, sixty schoolmasters, sixty farmers, pro-osed the same mass-jolly in a Viscount? I fancy uthority would say that it couldn't care less—olitics apart. I am quite sure it would welcome and ven recommend this risk to sixty political or personal *olumnists*. Ten and fifty blackbirds pulped in a pie! hus is the supreme importance of the House of ommons made manifest. The *man* may be expend-ble. His seat is not.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PORTRAIT OF LEWES

THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN

By JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY STUART BOYLE

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PAYS A FOUR-DAY VISIT TO BRITISH FORCES IN GERMANY

PRINCE PHILIP, WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF A FIELD-MARSHAL, WITH OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS DURING MANŒUVRES AT SOLTAU, GERMANY: On the right is Lieut.-Colonel Sir Guy Lowther, and on the left, Regimental Sergeant-Major T. V. Leckie. The Duke's visit to units of the Northern Army Group and the British Army of the Rhine lasted four days. He flew from England to Buckeburg, in a Viking aircraft of the Queen's Flight. Before returning to England the Duke visited his sisters at Castle Salem, near Constance.

Shortly after the Duke of Edinburgh had been present at the Buckingham Palace luncheon given in honour of Marshal Tito, he took off in a Viking of the Queen's Flight on a four-day visit to British Forces in Germany and flew to Buckeburg Airport. There he was met by Rear-Admiral R. St. V. Sherbrooke, V.C., Flag Officer, Germany; General Sir Richard Gale, C.-in-C. of the Northern Army Group, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Foster, C.-in-C., Second Tactical Air Force. A 225-man guard of honour from the three Services was present and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. On the next day the Royal party went by helicopter to Hohne to watch the Royal Tank Regiment and the 17/21 Lancers carrying out field firing. It was at Hohne that the Duke demolished a target at 1,000 yards range with a 20-pdr. gun of a Centurion tank. Later the Duke watched a battle exercise from a turret of a tank and then drove the vehicle back to its base. From Hohne Prince Philip went on to Hanover, again travelling by helicopter, and spent some time with the Canadian Forces. At Celle, where he arrived wearing for the first time the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, the Duke of Edinburgh inspected the wreckage of the British Lincoln bomber shot down by Russian MIG fighters, and then watched a demonstration given by jet fighters of the 94th Squadron, Second Tactical Air Force.

OUT ON MANŒUVRES AT SOLTAU WITH THE ESSEX AND HAMPSHIRE REGIMENTS: The Duke of Edinburgh seen with Major Moore, of the Essex Regiment, in a trench, as he watched a demonstration given by camouflaged mortar crews of the 1st Battalion Royal Hampshire Regiment and the 1st Battalion Essex Regiment.

WITH TITO IN LONDON

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF HIS MEMORABLE VISIT TO THE CAPITAL WHICH CONCLUDED LAST SATURDAY

On Monday of last week, on a day of springlike sunshine, Marshal Tito sailed up the Thames to Greenwich, and then journeyed by ceremonial launch to Westminster Pier, there to be received by the Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. Last Saturday he returned by the way he had come. The bridges were once more closed to traffic, the police launches closed in, and the best-guarded man in Europe set sail for home.

In every way it was a memorable visit, with the Yugoslav President revealing himself as very much the man of the world, at once benign and self-assured and very much the leader of his people.

Despite all the police precautions, the squads of motor-cyclists, the bevies of detectives, the creation of security areas, these personal qualities of Marshal Tito shone through, and from the social aspect the visit was a complete success. From the political aspect it seems that the Marshal's stay was a success also, for if Tito came in search of security he did not come empty-handed. Strategically, Yugoslavia is vital to the Western Powers, and since the new Greco-Turkish-Yugoslav pact was signed the Western Powers know that there is a solid block of resistance to anyone with expansionist ideas in the Eastern Mediterranean.

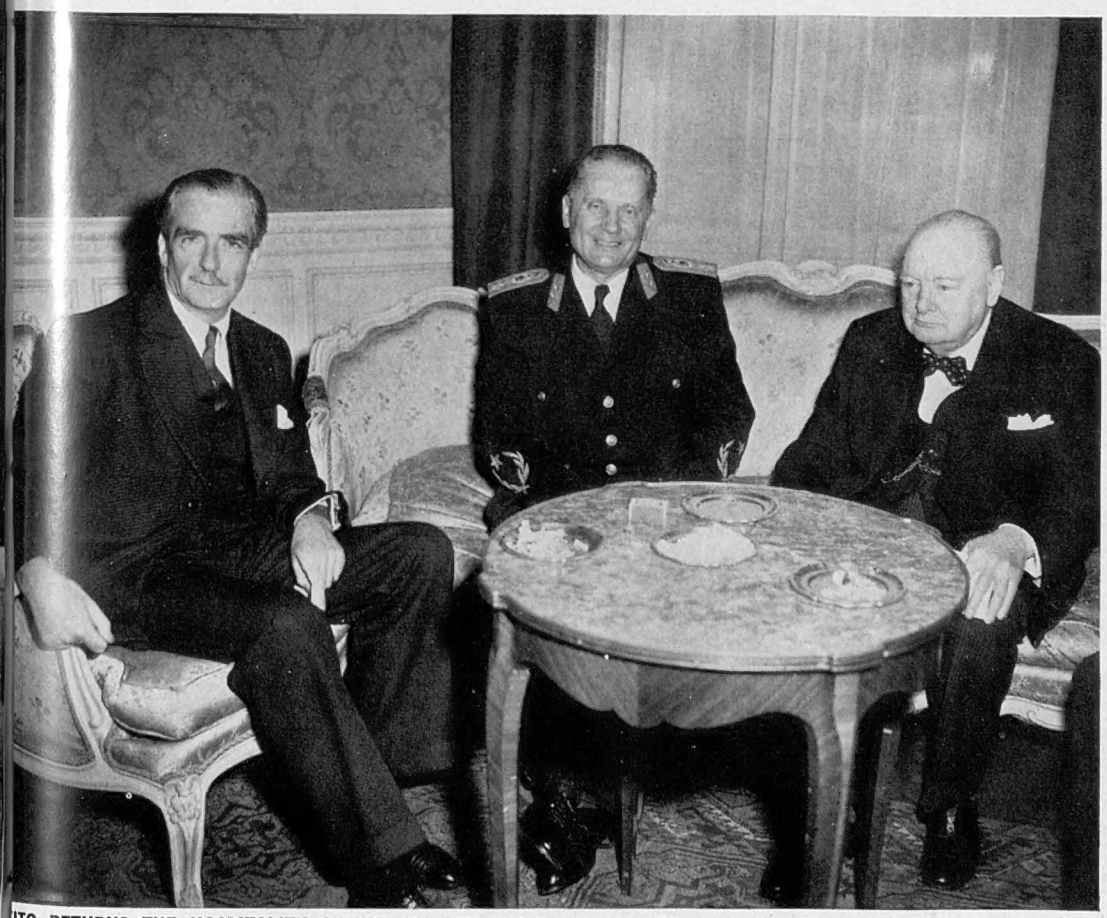
Among the questions which are believed to have been discussed by Marshal Tito and the British Government were Yugoslavia's military and economic requirements, the strategic situation in South-East Europe, the situation east of the Iron Curtain since the death of Stalin, the city state of Trieste, and the possibility of an Anglo-Yugoslav pact of friendship. The problem of Trieste is unlikely to be solved until after the Italian elections (if then) but no doubt a thorough examination of it has proved beneficial.

MARSHAL TITO AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: The Marshal leaving the White Tower after he had seen the Crown Jewels and visited the Armoury. He was received at the Tower by Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the Constable. This was only one visit on a day of high-level talks and of sightseeing, which included a call at 10, Downing Street, a tour of the British Museum and an hour spent at County Hall.

TITO AND HIS MOTOR-CYCLE ESCORT ARRIVE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Marshal heavily escorted as he entered the gates. On this second day of his stay he was entertained to lunch by the Queen.

HE ATTENDS AN AIR DISPLAY AT DUXFORD, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, AND SEES THE FATAL CRASH AS TWO METEOR JET AIRCRAFT COLLIDED IN MID-AIR: *Left*—Tito firing a Verey pistol to start the display. *Right*—The Marshal standing between Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Air Staff, and Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, during the fateful moments of the aerobatic display when two Meteors touched when flying just below cloud-level. Both planes crashed, and both pilots were killed.

THE V IT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Marshal Tito, Her Majesty the Queen, t e Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret in the picture gallery at Buckingham Palace. This luncheon v it was on the second day of Marshal Tito's stay in England. Among those who attended the l ncheon were Mr. Popovitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill, t e Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Eden. Later on the same day the Marshal went to County Hall.



ITO RETURNS THE HOSPITALITY OF HIS ENGLISH HOSTS : Marshal Tito with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden before the luncheon which he gave at the Yugoslav Embassy on the fourth day of his five-day visit. Marshal Tito received thirty guests, including Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Service chiefs.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE : Marshal Tito, accompanied by Lord Waverley, Chairman of the Board of Directors at Covent Garden, when he arrived to see a performance of *Swan Lake* by Sadler's Wells Company.

MARSHAL TITO ON HIS FIVE-DAY TOUR

Some Varied Aspects of the Official Visit to this Country of the President of the Yugoslav Federal Republic

VISITS TO TWO ROYAL PALACES: *Left*—Marshal Tito walking through the Crimson Drawing-room at Windsor Castle in company with Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, V.C., the Lieutenant-Governor of the Castle, and Sir James Mann, Surveyor of the Queen's Art. The parts of the Castle normally open to the public were closed during the Marshal's visit, for security reasons. *Right*—Earlier in the morning Tito paid a visit to Hampton Court, where he was conducted round by Sir Eric de Norman, who is seen with the Marshal passing through a doorway. Tito spent only fifteen minutes at Hampton Court, as he had a great deal to crowd into his morning's programme.

TITO WITH THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND: The Marshal shaking hands with Archbishop Fisher at the evening reception given at the Yugoslav Embassy, when he received representatives drawn from many sections of British life. Over 800 guests attended.

WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Premier and the Marshal seen together at the luncheon given at the Yugoslav Embassy after a morning of discussion at No. 10, Downing Street and at the Ministry of Defence.

MANY AND VARIED WERE THE GUESTS OF THE MARSHAL AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY RECEPTION : *Left*—Here he is seen shaking hands with Mrs. Churchill. Standing on either side of Tito are Dr. Velebit, the Yugoslav Ambassador, and Mrs. Velebit. *Right*—The Marshal receiving Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the former Health Minister. The two men are well acquainted, having met when Mr. Bevan and his wife, Jennie Lee, paid a visit to Yugoslavia. Mr. Bevan has only lately returned from an extensive Asian tour.

ITH SOME OF THE YUGOSLAV ILDREN IN LONDON : The rshal talking with young mbers of the Yugoslav lony who were invited to et him at the Embassy.

HE RECEIVES THREE LONDON SCHOOLCHILDREN : The Marshal and Dr. Velebit, the Yugoslav Ambassador, at the Embassy, where the students presented him with two cheques for £56 each, contributions from their schools for educational equipment for the children of Kargujevac. All three students are seventeen.

n right—

REWELL TO LONDON AT THE D OF THE FIVE-DAY VISIT : rshal Tito saluting from the nch *Nore* as he set out wn the Thames last Saturday orning to rejoin his ship the *aleb* for the journey home to goslavia. Standing beside ito is Mr. Popovitch, the goslavian Minister of Foreign ffairs. After their departure Marshal Tito sent messages of thanks to Her Majesty the Queen and to Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Popovitch sent a message to Mr. Eden. The message to Mr. Churchill said: "It was really a great pleasure for me to have had the opportunity of meeting you again and renewing the direct contact which we had established as comrades-in-arms during the last war. The great success of our talks, which were conducted in a friendly atmosphere, was achieved, above all, thanks to your deep understanding and estimations of the current international situation. I can point out with special satisfaction that the existing ties of friendship and alliance between the two countries are lasting and that we stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of peace."

THE TURKISH EARTHQUAKE DISASTER

A Mau Mau Round-up in Nairobi

The Lying-in-State of President Gottwald

ONE OF THE MANY HUNDREDS OF HOUSES WRECKED IN THE EARTHQUAKE THAT DEVASTATED THE TURKISH TOWN OF GONEN, 250 MILES SOUTH OF ISTANBUL : The number of dead in this major disaster was believed to have exceeded 500, with about 1,000 injured and many thousands more made homeless.

A RUINED STREET IN GONEN, TURKEY, WHERE OVER 500 PEOPLE PERISHED DURING AN EARTHQUAKE : Fire added to the horror of the shocks and many charred bodies were recovered from ruins in the stricken area. The tremors were severe enough to break some of the instruments at Istanbul Observatory, and the noise of the earthquake was heard all over Turkey. Mr. Jelal Bayar, the Turkish President, with three Cabinet Ministers, visited the scene of the disaster, where the Turkish Army and the Red Crescent were engaged on rescue and relief work. Several earthquakes have taken place in Turkey during recent years, the worst during 1940, when 30,000 people died and a wide area of Anatolia was devastated.

HUNDREDS OF AFRICANS AWAITING INTERROGATION AFTER A MASS ROUND-UP OF MAU MAU SUSPECTS IN NAIROBI : Altogether nearly 4,000 African suspects were detained in Kenya last week-end and 1,287 criminals were found among them. The largest round-up was in the Pumwani district of Nairobi, where troops and police detained 2,500 suspects, most of whom were Kikuyu tribesmen.

A DISTRICT OFFICER, BROUGHT ESPECIALLY FROM NYERI, QUESTIONING MAU MAU SUSPECTS FROM HIS DISTRICT WHO WERE FOUND IN NAIROBI : The majority of those arrested were held because they could not produce passes permitting them to be outside their tribal reserves, but many were freed immediately after interrogation. Mr. Michael Blundell, leader of the European-elected members of the Kenya Legislature, during a ten-day visit to England, said that though he had no doubt that Mau Mau would be defeated, it would be unwise to predict that this would be a quick, short conflict. Action, however, was becoming increasingly effective because of improved techniques, more experienced tracking, and larger forces. One of the regrettable things was that there was still no sign that the indeterminate mass of the Kikuyu people had yet made up its mind to support the Government.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF KLEMENT GOTTWALD, CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S COMMUNIST PRESIDENT, WHO DIED AFTER TWO DAYS ILLNESS FROM PLEURISY AND PNEUMONIA, WHICH HE HAD PRESUMABLY CONTRACTED DURING HIS VISIT TO MOSCOW FOR MR. STALIN'S FUNERAL : *Left*—Members of the Political Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia stand on guard at the bier of Mr. Gottwald in the Spanish Hall of the Presidential residence in Prague. Standing nearest to the soldier at the open coffin is Mr. Antonin Zapotocky, the former Prime Minister, who has now been elected President in succession to Mr. Gottwald. On his right are Mr. Viliam Siroky, the former senior Vice-Premier and now Prime Minister, and Dr. Jaromir Dolansky, a Vice-Premier. *Right*—Part of the huge crowd filing past the flower-decked coffin in which the body was clothed in the uniform which was designed for the President in his capacity as titular head of the Czechoslovakian Army. The burial of Mr. Gottwald took place in the heroes' mausoleum, erected in the Zizkov district of Prague by Masaryk, a memorial service being held in Wenceslas Square. Speeches were made by Mr. Zapotocky and Marshal Bulganin, the Russian War Minister, who both spoke along similar lines, the themes being to urge the nation to raise production and to be on guard against the "enemy within the gates."

THE RIVERSIDE AND MALTHOUSES AT WARE : In this drawing, W. P. Robins shows a picturesque stretch of the river as it flows through rural Hertfordshire. The Lea, or Lee as it is known by the Conservators, has a total length of 56 miles, and its chief tributaries are the Rivers Mimram, Beane, Rib, Ash and Stort. The river has been important from early times, and one of the first records of it is to be found in the Treaty of Wedmore between King Alfred and the Danes, when the River Lee from its junction with the Thames to its source was fixed as one of the boundaries of the Danelaw.

THE INDUSTRIOUS LEA VALLEY

From Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, Through Hertfordshire, Essex and Middlesex the Lee Flows Through Rich Market Garden Country to Enter the Thames at Blackwall

By JOHN MAY, with Drawings by W. P. ROBINS

ONE afternoon in 1895, Lewis Dewey, coachbuilder, of Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, returned home with some strange new fruits, red and beautiful, given to him by a local pioneer glasshouse grower named Stevens. His wife put them in a bowl as a table decoration, and their little daughter and various visitors admired them greatly. But nobody thought to eat them, and after a time they withered and were thrown away.

Dewey's rambling wooden coachbuilding premises have since been pulled down, and the empty corner site is now a car-park. But the red fruit—then an acquired taste—were tomatoes. Britain now produces over 200,000,000 lb. of tomatoes a year. And the Lea Valley, where Cheshunt is situated, is the centre of the nursery industry which grows them.

The Lea Valley concerns itself with glasshouses and gravel, mills and malting, electricity and tap-water. It is London's northern artery. But no totals of its output can be accurately computed; although a well-known area, it has no defined boundaries. The Lee River flows from Dunstable, Bedfordshire, fifty-six miles to Limehouse. But the Lea Valley, asserting its individuality in a different spelling, starts by common consent around Ware, Hertfordshire, where the river turns southwards, and finishes at Enfield, Middlesex, or perhaps at Chingford, Essex, or even as far south as Walthamstow.

Its main industries are bound together by a common origin in or dependence upon water. "Sink a bore well anywhere you like in the Lea Valley," said an official of the Lea Valley Growers' Association, "and you 've got water." This fact, with suitable soil, and being so near to London, has mushroomed glasshouses here in the thickest concentration in Britain. The Lea Valley's 2,000 acres of glasshouses, standing in perhaps five times this area of land, represent nearly a third of the country's glass. The Valley stands so thick with glass that nurseries extend to the hill-tops. Hugh Stevens, grandson of the Stevens of 1895, has glasshouses at Goff's Oak, for example. The Association, which is, in fact, a branch of the National Farmers' Union under another name, has 540 grower-members. Their nurseries cluster thickly at Cheshunt, Chingford, Crews Hill, Edmonton, Enfield, Goff's Oak, Hoddesdon, Nazeing, Roydon, Waltham Abbey, Wormley. But there are also members as far away as Birmingham, Clacton, Slough and St. Albans. There is a sprinkling of Dutch, Danish and Scandinavian names among them. And they produce tomatoes, cucumbers, chrysanthemums, roses, carnations and other flowers for Birmingham and Manchester, as well as the London markets.

Like the rest of the N.F.U., the growers are currently being urged to produce more while coincidentally threatened with the loss of their land. Planning officials want to pull down glasshouses and build dwelling-houses in their place. Some of the oldest nurseries are affected. Horace Drew, secretary of the Growers' Association, has his hands full. Fifteen members in Middlesex have been having their cases heard at an inquiry in Caxton Hall, Westminster. Hertfordshire objections had to be lodged by February 28, and Essex will come later.

It is, of course, no part of the Association's case that their own magnificent new headquarters at Crossbrook Street, Waltham Cross—where there are also a packing station and machinery showrooms—were built last year on land that was previously a nursery!

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE LEA VALLEY : Prince Philip examining the control panel for gas condensers during a visit this month to the Eastern Gas Board's works at Ponders End, in the Lea Valley. The works supply, among other places, the new town of Harlow.

The land-snatch for building manifests itself again in the Lea Valley in the gravel-getting business. "Not everyone realises that this is the second biggest mining industry in Britain," says Ronald Milburn, manager of the Lea Valley Sand and Ballast Pits. "Only coal is larger." Gravel in the Lea Valley, deposited there centuries since by the river, is found in beds 5 to 25 ft. thick, beneath an overburden up to 10 ft. deep. Sometimes this top surface takes the form of peat-beds. The gravel-beds are mainly between rail and river, and the Lea Valley Pits problem at Cheshunt was to bring the ballast over the railway to the road. They beat it with an aerial ropeway nearly half a mile long, ending in high roadside loading hoppers. Recently they have been allowed to build their own bridge over the railway, but the ropeway—unique in gravel-pit operations—is still in use.

Most of the Lea Valley gravel goes to London, and one at least of the firms concerned produces it to a British Standard Specification. The abundance of gravel and sand has led to a number of firms

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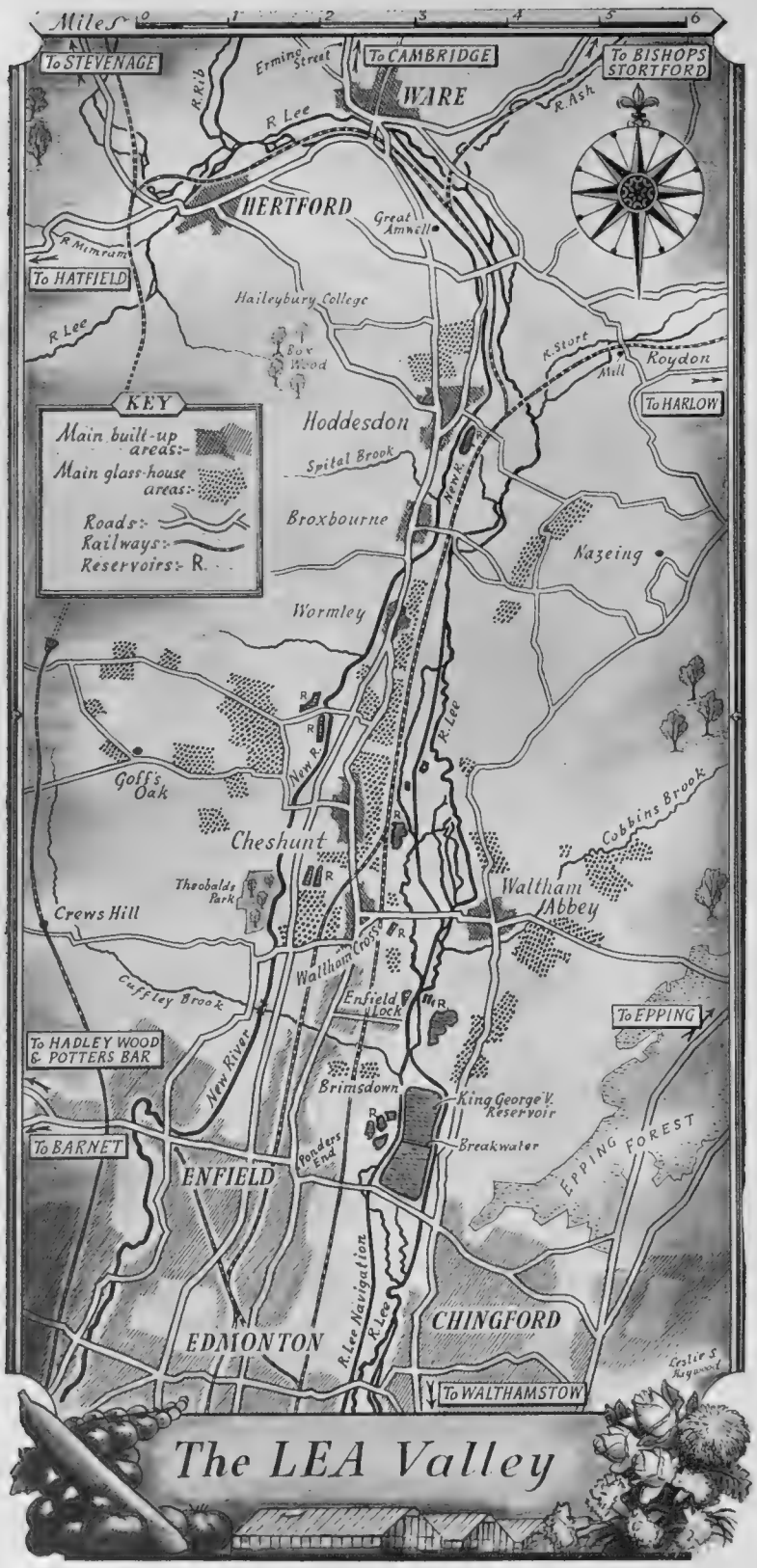

THE LEA VALLEY—A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD: The Lea, or Lee as it should more properly be called, is shown near the point near Hertford where it is joined by the Rib and the Mimram, and its course is followed through Ware, Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Cross and Ponders End to the eastern borders of London. The Lee Navigation extends from the town mill at Hertford to the Thames at Blackwall and Limehouse. The navigation consists of the River Lee and of various artificial canals or cuts, among them the New River, which supplies drinking water to London. There is good fishing in the upper reaches of the Lee, and the river is associated with the great Izaak Walton. There is no fishing in the New River waters.

THE INDUSTRIOUS LEA VALLEY

Sights and Scenes Along the Line of the River

THE ISLANDS AT GREAT AMWELL: At Amwell is one of the springs which supplies water for the New River, which in turn supplies London via the large reservoirs on the eastern boundaries of the Metropolis. At the point depicted here there are two tiny, neat islands, beautifully lawned and tended, with weeping willows and a stone bearing a poem in praise of Amwell Spring. The poem begins with the lines, "Amwell! Perpetual be thy stream, Nor e'er thy Spring be less, Which thousands drink who never dream Whence flows the boon they bless."

A LOCK ON THE RIVER LEE BETWEEN ROYDON AND BROXBOURNE: Near here the Lee, and one of its tributaries, the Stort, meet; the Lee continuing north-westwards towards Stanstead Abbots, and the Stort north-eastwards past Harlow. The Stort is the Lee's chief tributary.

THE BROXBOURNE ROWING AND SAILING CLUB: The club has large numbers of cadet-class boats and offers opportunities for excellent sailing considering the confined nature of the area.

(*Continued from previous page*)

manufacturing precast concrete products. What to do with ugly worked-out pits was once the biggest problem with gravel. Hoddesdon, a little farther north in the Valley, has solved it by landscaping. Sectional factories have been erected on the levelled floor of a pit at its Hertford Road industrial site. Screened from the neighbouring houses, they have attractive lawns and flower-beds in well-laid-out grounds.

But the most important of all exports from the Lea Valley is undoubtedly tap-water. Roughly one quarter of London's drinking water comes from its river and springs. Much of this flows through the Metropolitan Water Board's "New River," which is an open aqueduct of invitingly pure-looking water, its banks trim green lawns, which adds greatly to the beauty of the Valley which it shares with its grubbier parent, the Lee. The New River is only comparatively new; Hugh Myddleton started it from Chadwell and Amwell springs, near Ware, in 1609. Originally 35 miles long, it discharged into a pond at Clerkenwell, but has now been straightened to 27 miles and ends at Stoke Newington.

One of the most beautiful scenes on the New River is at Great Amwell, where the smooth waters reflect two lawned islets on which grow weeping willows and dark evergreens.

A dozen reservoirs in the Lea Valley store water for the Metropolitan Water Board's millions of London users. The largest in area, King George's Reservoir, lies south of Enfield Lock, and covers over 400 acres. It is divided by a breakwater, and is nearly 30 ft. deep. Its banks were heaped up from the excavation inside, and cored with puddled clay (as used for farmyard ponds) keyed to the London clay beneath to make them watertight. This reservoir's twin, divided from it by the east-west Lea Valley Road, lies to the south; together the two have a capacity of over 6,000,000,000 gallons. They are nearly a mile wide at the largest part, and some three miles overall from north to south. Another ten smaller reservoirs cluster to the east of the Lee River at Walthamstow.

All this water is collected from the Lee watershed, some 600 square miles, that covers an area shaped like a buck-jumping camel. Its snout is Dunstable, its hump rises towards Royston, and its tail is cocked at Dunmow. Its bunched feet hit the Thames at Bow Creek, just up-stream from the Blackwall Tunnel. Included in the 400 miles of main river are eight tributaries: among them the Mimram, the Bean and the Old Bourne, the Rib, the Ash, and the Stort.

Three main authorities rule these waters. Under the Transport Act, 1947, the ancient Lee Conservancy Board was absorbed by the British Transport Commission, and the new Catchment Board took on the job of clearing weeds, preventing flooding, and looking after the purity of the water. The Metropolitan Water Board contributes funds towards the last function, and is allowed to take all the water it wants, leaving enough for navigation. The Docks and Inland Waterways authorities look after dredging as far as Hertford and Bishops Stortford. There is not much traffic north of Tottenham, but the sturdy tower of Waltham Abbey, founded by Canute, that looks westward across the Valley, still sees occasional "heavy barges trailed by slow horses" passing from lock to lock.

Once, in the language of the bargemen, the Lee was the Ware River. Named for its weir, now a lock, the port of Ware is the Lee River's most individual town. It stands where the old North Road (Ermine Street) forded the stream. Jealous men from Hertford and Enfield at various times broke down its bridge and tried to blow up its barges. During the Great Plague its bargemen went on carrying corn to London, and were given a kind of "freedom of the Thames" as reward. At one time Ware was the leading malting town in England, with important water-mills where the river divided naturally. To-day malting is still carried on, and mills are run by Allen and Hanburys and J. W. French and Co.

Roydon Mill, three miles above the confluence of its Stort with the Lee, and near to Roydon Station, is one of the mills that remain in private hands, together with the miller's rights over his stretch of the river, as defined by Act of Parliament. It is owned by Leslie Dawes, who carries on kibbling beans, crushing oats and grinding barley for farmers by water power. As well, his water-driven dynamos provide

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THE OLD WATER-MILL AT ROYDON: This mill, near Roydon Railway Station, still grinds corn for farmers, and also produces electricity for 100 caravans, a swimming-pool pumping system and a restaurant run by the miller. The mill lies on the Stort, largest tributary of the Lee. The confluence is a few miles downstream, near Dobb's Weir.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE: This famous public school lies just off the Ware Road, a little way north of Hoddesdon. The fine buildings below the dome are the original portions of the college built by the old East India Company. Much has been added both in buildings and land, and the college is now one of Britain's best-endowed public schools.

THE NEW POWER STATION AT RYE HOUSE: The high chimney, the cooling towers and the main power-house rear above Essex Road, Hoddesdon. One section of the plant is already in operation, and the whole will be completed this year.

THE GRAVEL WORKINGS NEAR CHESHUNT: An aerial ropeway operating from the Lea Valley Sand and Ballast Pits. Gravel-working is the second largest industry in the Lea Valley. In addition to this overhead gear, barges and tugs are also used on the gravel-pit lakes.

THE CLOCK TOWER AND THE BULL HOTEL AT HODDESDON: This has always been a busy town as regards traffic, and in the coaching days no fewer than twenty-seven coach routes lay through or into Hoddesdon, which accounts for the number of inns or former inns in the main street. The history of the famous Clock Tower site goes back to the Middle Ages.

THE INDUSTRIOUS LEA VALLEY

(*Concluded from page 448*)

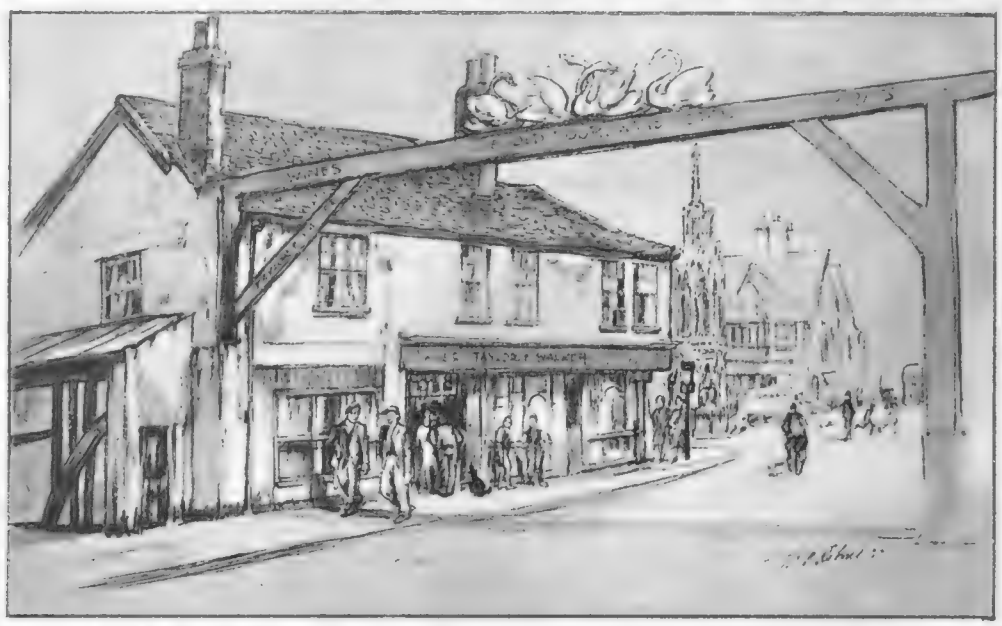
THE OLD MARKET-PLACE AT ENFIELD : The Saturday market is a feature of the town which, despite its proximity to London, still retains a pleasantly detached air. The New River intersects the town.

THE CHINGFORD SOUTH RESERVOIR : This is the outlet control tower and access bridge of the new reservoir, which measures about 1½ miles in length, covering an area of 334 acres. The reservoir occupies a position on the original course of the Lee.

CHESHUNT, A VISTA OF GLASSHOUSES TYPIFYING THE LEA VALLEY'S MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRY : This aerial view shows for the most part the vast undertaking known as Pollard's Nurseries, in Longfield Lane. Tomatoes, roses, cucumbers, carnations, chrysanthemums and mushrooms are among the products of these nurseries, which send their goods direct to London and some of the provincial towns. The nurseries use over 50,000,000 gallons of water a year. Water is pumped from six deep wells and five pumps with a total capacity of 60,000 gallons per hour.

WALTHAM ABBEY, ON THE ANCIENT LEE MARSHES : The Abbey owes its origin to Tovi the Proud, who found a miraculous cross at Montacute, in Somerset. He brought the cross to Waltham in a wain drawn by oxen, which would not move to any other place, and there he built a small church to receive the Holy Cross. King Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, founded a monastery to replace Tovi's church and granted manors for the upkeep of the monastery.

THE OLD GATEWAY OF WALTHAM ABBEY : The gateway is one of the few remains of the old monastic Church of Waltham, and is in the care of the Office of Works. It does give some hint, indeed, of the magnitude and grandeur of the Abbey of Holy Cross.



THE FOUR SWANS AT WALTHAM CROSS : This is one of the few remaining inns where the sign hangs high and right across the road on a wooden beam, forming a flat arch over the main road.

electricity for residential caravans, for fires, refrigerators and lighting in the mill house, and for floodlighting the mill as a restaurant, and fishing, boating and pleasure resort, with its own swimming-pool.

Down-stream, Broxbourne is a pleasure boating centre, where young men from as far away as Buckhurst Hill and Bishops Stortford sail tiny Cadet yachts—the most numerous class in Britain—which some of them have built for themselves. Down-stream also are more serious works: the " gunpowder " factory at Waltham Abbey, which for its explosives once used barges which could be sunk in seconds, and the small arms factory at Enfield Lock, where the new-fangled Bren gun so shocked the old craftsmen who made the famous Enfield rifle. Hereabouts, too, are the new power station being built at Rye House, Hoddesdon, and another already existing at Brimsdown (where the factories begin in earnest).

The waters from Brimsdown power station warm a pound of the river between locks, saving the ice-breaker a job in wintry weather. All effluents are strictly watched. There have been foam mountains at Lemsford, near Welwyn Garden City, East Hyde, near Harpenden, and on Pymme's Brook—a new headache for the Lea Valley's score of sewage works. New " Harry Lime " size pipes are coming past Ware towards Rye Meads from the Stevenage New Town. " They used to bury it in the garden and grow good lettuces," a watching yokel said. But, in the Lea Valley, *l'économie Japonaise* is now largely a thing of the past.

As the river flows south, the tide of population from London creeps northwards up the highway that runs a mile or so to the west of the river. Families from Edmonton and Tottenham are settled in housing estates farther north. The concrete Cambridge arterial road has by-passed some of the old highway even farther to the west. But the old beauties of the Lea Valley remain. The rich Temple Bar gateway, which once stood astride the Strand, London, is in Theobald's Park. The sign of the Four Swans Inn spans the roadway at Waltham Cross with a great beam. Hoddesdon's wide market street is watched over by a handsome clock-house. And not far out of the town is Haileybury, the famous public school.

Amid all the Valley's thrusting industry, too, swans still fly high over the Lee River, anglers sit quietly fishing, and seagulls and plovers share the narrowing marsh pastures with pensioned ponies.

THE GREAT CORONATION COACH WHICH HAS BEEN STRIPPED DOWN, REGILDED AND REFURBISHED AT A TOTAL COST OF £10,000 IN READINESS FOR THE COMING CEREMONIAL : The coach, seen in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace when it was brought out for a second rehearsal last week. The first rehearsal took place some weeks ago when the Queen rode round the mews in the coach in order to test the springing and the effect of the new rubber cushioning of the old iron-bound wheels. The second rehearsal was to harness-up, and it was also a full-dress parade for the postilions and walking grooms. The four-ton State coach, which first appeared in the streets of London at the opening of Parliament by George III, is perhaps the most splendid royal equipage remaining in Europe, and it has the record of having been used at every Coronation since that of George IV. It was built to take the place of an earlier coach made for Queen Anne. William (later Sir William) Chambers was entrusted with the task of evolving a dignified and impressive design from the several hundred submitted. Many fine craftsmen collaborated in the work, and existing accounts show that of the total cost of £7,587, Butler, the builder, was paid £1,673, Walton, the carver, £2,500, and Pujolas, the gilder, £931. Since George III's time large sums have been spent on improvements, but the coach remains substantially the same as at the beginning, its decorative panels by Cipriani being typical of the elaborate symbolism characteristic of eighteenth-century pageantry.

AN OUTING for the CORONATION COACH

The Four-ton Vehicle, Now Refurbished, is Brought Out for a Rehearsal

THE EMBLEMATIC PANEL PAINTINGS OF CIPRIANI WHICH ARE ONE OF THE GLORIES OF THE CORONATION COACH : When the coach was first used it attracted much attention, and the panels were slightly damaged by the great crowd which thronged round it as George III rode to the opening of Parliament.

THE FOUR POSTILIONS WHO WILL ATTEND THE QUEEN'S STATE COACH DURING THE CORONATION PROCESSION : Postilions are employed on certain types of carriages which are not driven by a coachman, each postilion being in charge of a pair of horses. Skill has to be exercised by the postilions in making turns and keeping an even pull.

THE ART OF CIPRIANI : One side of the Coronation coach, with its elegant panels, the work of the Florentine Giovanni Battista Cipriani, who came to London in 1755 and obtained many commissions through his free, easy and graceful style. Cipriani painted part of a ceiling at Buckingham Palace and also restored some of Antonio Verro's paintings at Windsor.

UNFURLING THE FLAGS OF BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES, TURKEY, ITALY, GREECE AND FRANCE, DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW N.A.T.O. MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND : The ceremony took place, in the presence of Admiral Lord Mountbatten, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in the Mediterranean, and other high-ranking officers, on Lascaris bastion of the naval headquarters at Malta, which is also the N.A.T.O. temporary headquarters. A band of the Royal Marines played the respective National Anthems as a sailor from each N.A.T.O. navy unfurled his country's flag. At the Malta headquarters the Union Jack, as the flag of the host nation, will always be flown in the position seen here, while the order of the others will vary in rotation, each flag moving one position forward every day, conforming with the custom which is followed at headquarters near Paris.

SALUTING THE FLAGS OF THE N.A.T.O. NATIONS DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND AT MALTA : Admiral Lord Mountbatten, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in the Mediterranean, with Air Vice-Marshal B. V. Reynolds, Deputy Allied Commander-in-Chief (Air), Mediterranean, and other high-ranking Allied officers.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The New N.A.T.O. Mediterranean Command; a New Zealand Volcano Erupts; Dr. Einstein's Seventy-fourth Birthday; President Eisenhower and the Belgian Foreign Minister; Royal Belgian Wedding Banns; Czech Airmen Refugees; Restoring the Palace of Versailles

Above and on left—

MOUNT NGAURUHOE, A VOLCANO ON THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND, SEEN DURING A RECENT ERUPTION : Mr. J. H. Malcolm, of National Park, North Island, had climbed Mount Ngauruhoe and was taking photographs when it suddenly burst into life.

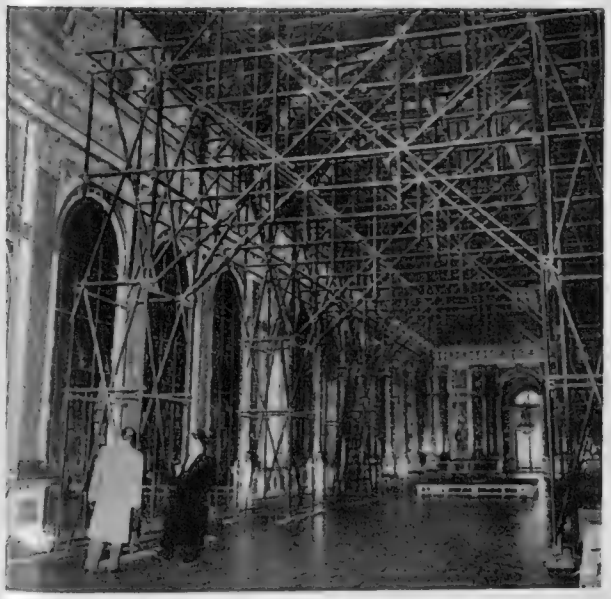
Mount Ngauruhoe, on the North Island of New Zealand, known to be active, had for some weeks been erupting intermittently when Mr. Malcolm climbed the peak. There was smoke billowing from the crater and an occasional deep rumbling noise. He took up a position on the lip of the crater and started taking photographs. "After about twenty minutes," Mr. Malcolm said after his escape, "there was a heavy rumbling and a medium shot hurled rocks and ash about 200 ft. in the air. I admit I took a flying jump over the rim of the crater and started glissading down the slopes." After progressing about 100 yards down the mountainside in this manner, Mr. Malcolm took shelter behind a slightly shelving ledge about 2 ft. high. Then there was a terrifying explosion which showered rock and burning ash even higher into the air. The ashes proved more dangerous than the rocks, as it was impossible to escape them. Mr. Malcolm's only injury through this hair-raising adventure was a cut thumb.

THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT PHYSICIST CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY : Dr. Albert Einstein reading a statement to the Press at Princeton, New Jersey, the day after celebrating his seventy-fourth birthday. With him is Dr. Samuel Belkin (left), President of Yeshiva University, New York, who announced that the University's new medical school will bear Dr. Einstein's name. On the right is Nathaniel Goldstein, New York State Attorney-General, who is leading a campaign to raise funds for the school. Dr. Einstein says that he has finished work on the structure of equations by which he is seeking to establish a natural law to explain all the physical phenomena of the Universe.

THE BELGIAN FOREIGN MINISTER MEETS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES : Mr. John Foster Dulles points out that time marches on during the visit of M. Van Zeeland to Washington. Seen in the picture from left to right are Baron Silvercruys, the Belgian Ambassador in Washington ; M. Paul Van Zeeland, President Eisenhower, Mr. John Foster Dulles, and Livingston Merchant, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs. The Belgian Foreign Minister visited Washington at the invitation of Mr. Dulles, to continue discussions begun during Mr. Dulles's European tour.

THE BANNS OF MARRIAGE BETWEEN PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBOURG ARE PROCLAIMED AT BRUSSELS : Proclaiming the banns is the Mayor of Brussels, M. Joseph van de Meulebroek. Behind him stands Mlle Vandenhauvel, Municipal Magistrate at the City Hall. After the proclamation the document containing the banns was posted on the notice-board of the City Hall, where it will remain until the marriage takes place on April 19 in Luxembourg. The document bears the colours of Belgium and Luxembourg. The civil ceremony will take place at the Palace of the Grand Duchy, and the religious ceremony in the cathedral.

THREE CZECH AIRMEN MAKE A DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA : Seen above after their arrival at Thalerhof aerodrome, in the British Zone of Austria, in the two-seater Arado 96 in which they made their escape are, 1st Lieut. Vladimir Krman and Gustav Molnar and Josef Fleischhaker. The three men were stationed at Piestany, near Bratislava, and had been planning their flight for some weeks. On the morning of their escape, they tricked the guards into letting them start the engine of the Arado 96 and flew off under cover of darkness. Their course took them over the Russian Zone of Austria, where Russian MIGs are based. Flights over the Soviet Zone by foreign aircraft are not permitted except along narrow corridors, which were not known to the three Czechs, who were lucky not to have been shot down.



THE RESTORATION OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES : A net of scaffolding fills the famous Hall of Mirrors, where in 1919 Germany and the Allies signed the Treaty of Versailles. *On right*—An aerial view of the 300-year-old palace, showing the elegant fountains, gardens and lawns. Last November, M. André Conv, who was then Secretary of State for Fine Arts, stated, in answer to a question in the Assembly, that the Government had granted about 365,000,000 francs for the restoration of the palace. The Government were also to be granted the proceeds of one draw from the National Lottery, which would amount to about 400,000,000 francs. Public donations are expected to reach 500,000,000 francs.

WITH THE BRITISH MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION IN THE GREAT NEPAL VALLEY: These pictures were taken at Bhatgaon, near Katmandu, where the expedition arrived recently with its 17,000 lb. weight of equipment. The first task was to break down the equipment into porter-loads, and in the picture *on the left* Sherpas are seen weighing a load on a hook suspended from a bamboo frame. The task has been supervised by Mr. Wylie with the help of Tensing Norkey, the King of the Sherpas, who last year, with the Swiss Expedition, climbed with M. Lambert to a point 800 ft. from the summit of Everest. *Right*—Porters carrying loads from point-to-point as the main bulk of the stores was broken down, and everything was made ready for the departure of the expedition to Namche Bazar en route to the base camp of Everest.

PAY PARADE FOR THE PORTERS: Men and women who are accompanying the British Mount Everest Expedition lining up for pay at the Expedition's temporary headquarters on a stretch of ground near the Temple of the Five Stages at Bhatgaon. The porters received 30 rupees in advance pay. Each bowed low as silver was placed in their palms. Their receipt was given in the form of a red-ink thumbprint.

THEY WILL CARRY THESE LOADS ON FOOT FOR 170 MILES: Porters seen with the burdens they are bearing from Bhatgaon, in the Nepal Valley, to the base of Everest at Namche.

At the beginning of March, Evans and Gregory, representing the advance party of the British Mount Everest Expedition of 1953, arrived at Katmandu. On March 3, Bourdillon and Colonel Hunt, the leader of the expedition, arrived directly by air from England, and by the second week of March the porters and the expedition members had, by various routes, reached the rendezvous at Bhatgaon, on the outskirts of Katmandu, there to break down the equipment of the expedition into handable loads of 40 lb. A long-anticipated meeting was that between the Sherpa porters and the expedition members, some of the porters arriving at Bhatgaon after a rapid march over the mountains from their own district of Sola Khumbu. Many of the Sherpas brought their women folk, who are as powerful as the men and make wonderful carriers. It was decided to employ the women on the long trek from Bhatgaon to Namche Bazar.

It was found when the breaking-down operations began at Bhatgaon that no item of equipment or food had suffered damage. Thanks to the excellent packing arrangements in Europe the break-down into portable loads at Bhatgaon was not arduous, and several pleasant days were spent at this task. In all, 350 loads were made, and the Sherpas were split up into two porter trains, arrangements being under the control of Mr. Wylie, who is in charge of transport on the march and will carry out the same functions on the mountain as the various camps are established.

This week-end the expedition should have reached the base of Everest, establishing its first base camp near the monastery of Thyangboche. It is believed that the final assault on the summit will begin on May 15.

THE MEN WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE ASSAULT ON UNCONQUERED EVEREST: *Left*—Tensing Norkey, of Darjeeling, the Sherpa porter who last year climbed to within 800 ft. of the summit of Everest. *Second from left*—A. Gregory, one of the expedition's advance party, in a gaily-coloured cap complete with pom-pom. *Centre*—Mr. G. C. Band, the youngest member of the expedition. His name has been mentioned by Colonel Hunt as a possible leader of the final assault. *Second from right*—Noyce and Westmacott walking together as they set out from Bhatgaon with the porter train. *Right*—E. Hilary, seen at Bhatgaon, wearing a Foreign Legion style headgear.

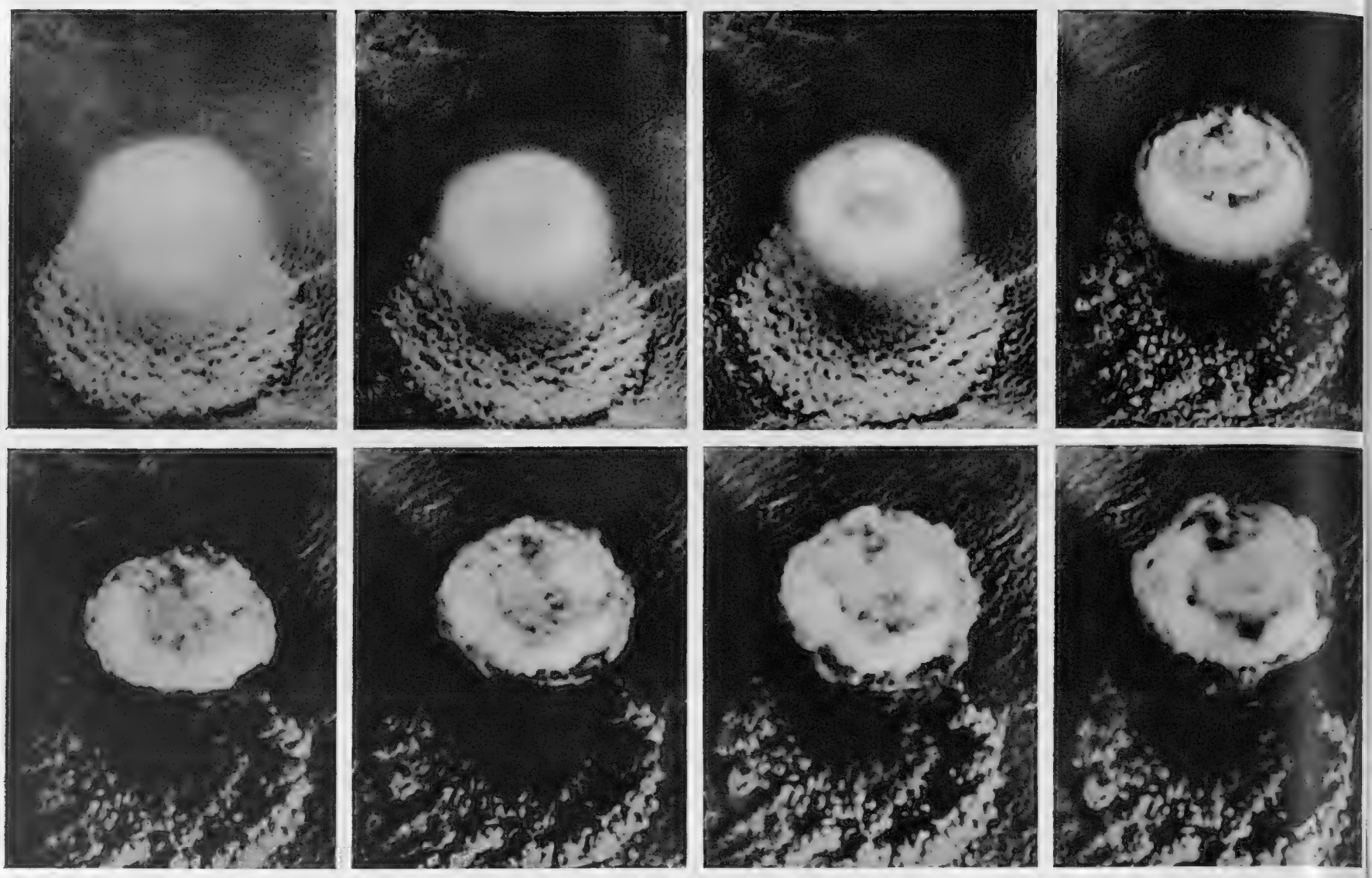
HEADING FOR EVEREST

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION, UNDER COLONEL JOHN HUNT, PAUSES AT BHATGAON TO BREAK DOWN STORES AND EQUIPMENT BEFORE CONTINUING ON FOOT TO THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE START OF THE 170-MILE TREK: Porters of the British Mount Everest Expedition passing through Bhatgaon, at the head of the Great Nepal Valley, near Khatmandu, as they set out with their 40-lb. loads. This party consisted of 162 porters, carrying a total of about 10,000 lb. of baggage, and seventeen Sherpas, who will be concerned with the assault on Everest. All the British climbers except Colonel Hunt, the leader, Major Wylie, chief supply officer, and Dr. Ward went with the first party, and these three went through Bhatgaon on the following day with a second porter train carrying the remaining 7,000 lb. of equipment.

On left—

ALL SET FOR THE JOURNEY: Porters, each loaded as nearly as possible with 40 lb. of equipment, seen as they left the assembly-point at Bhatgaon en route to the base of Everest. As far as Bhatgaon the baggage in bulk was carried for the most part along the completed sections of the new motor road into Nepal. The new through motor road from India will not actually be complete for another six weeks. It was thanks to the help of the Indian Military Mission, which volunteered transport, that the movement of the stores from one end of the Nepal Valley to Bhatgaon, at the eastern extremity, was completed so swiftly.



HOW AN ATOMIC CLOUD LOOKS FROM THE AIR : This sequence of pictures, starting with the appearance of the intensely bright fireball and carrying through various stages of the familiar mushroom cloud formation, was made from a United States Air Force plane during an atomic test above the Nevada sage-brush country. The pictures were taken last year, but they have only just been released for a U.S. Department of Defence film, their release coinciding with the news of atomic experiments in Nevada.

THE ATOMIC CLOUD MUSHROOMS ABOVE YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA, AFTER THE LATEST OF THE ATOMIC TESTS, THIS TIME USING A TACTICAL BOMB : Official observers watching the cloud created by the new bomb which is designed to yield an explosive force equal to 15,000 tons of T.N.T. This is about three-quarters of the power of the bombs dropped upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Troops were taken to within two miles of this detonation, more than 1,000 soldiers (equipped with thick goggles) taking up their positions in slit trenches.

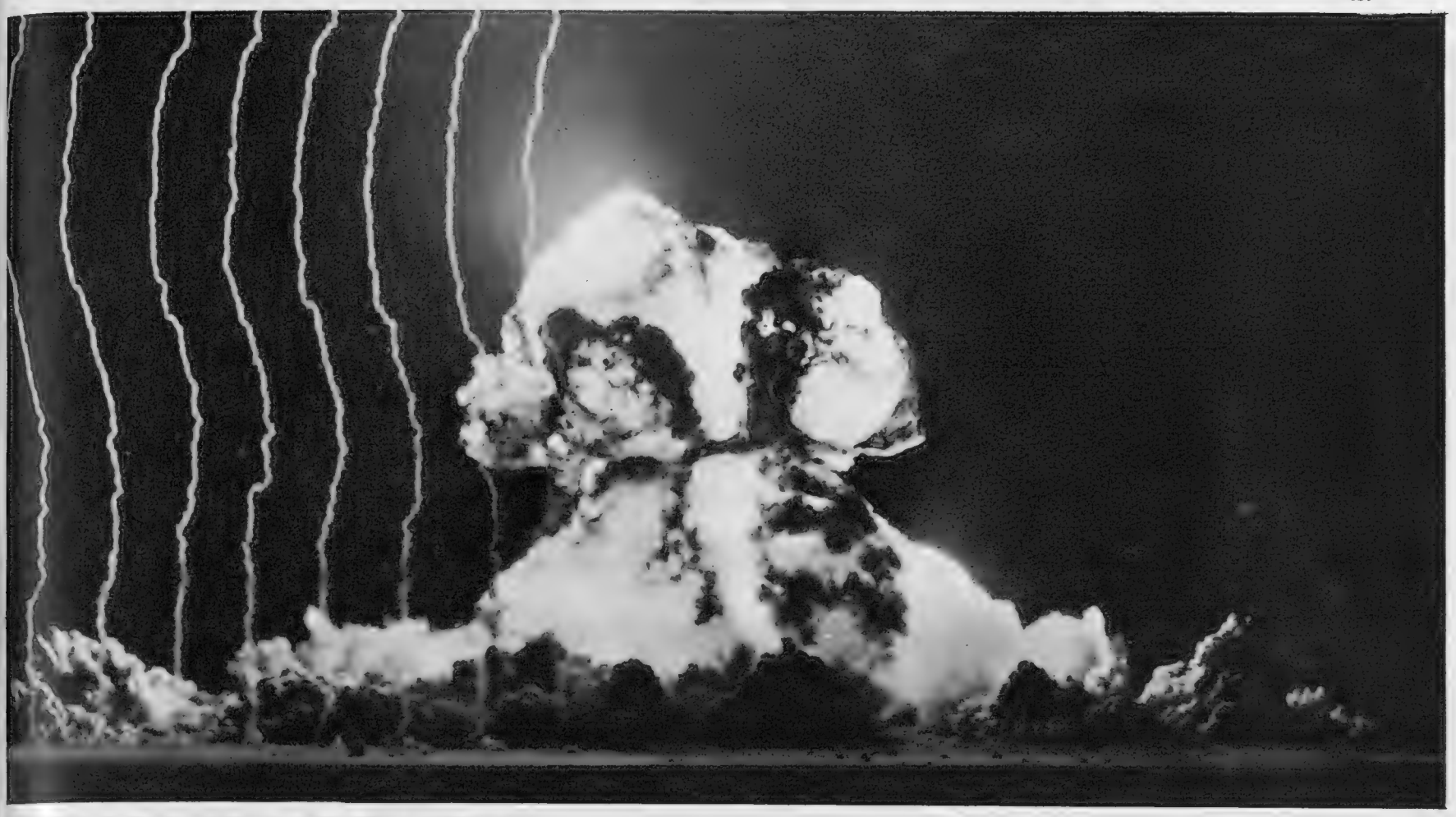
THE ATOMIC FIELD BOMB

A New Tactical Weapon is Under Experiment in the Nevada Desert

The first public demonstration of a prototype of the tactical atom bomb that could be used to annihilate armies of a would-be aggressor before they had succeeded in crossing the borders of their intended enemy was given in mid-March at Yucca Flats, Nevada, and at the same time the opportunity was taken for an elaborate civil defence exercise, the focal point of the explosion being the specially rigged up town of Nothing, with houses and cars assembled for atom testing. The blast, and the ball of fire which followed it at Nothing, were recorded on television at 8 a.m. Eastern Standard time; so millions of T.V. enthusiasts in America had the opportunity of taking up grand-stand seats for the show, the first display of the "spring collection" of atomic missiles.

The device which was tested was not a finished atomic bomb ready for use, it was emphasised by Dr. Alvin C. Graves, Scientific Director of the Testing Programme of the Atomic Energy Commission. He did indicate that it was much lighter than the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but it used much less fissionable material than the earlier bombs in relation to its size. The present series of experiments is full of variety, and will culminate later in the season with the firing of an atomic missile from the new American siege gun.

In the recent experiment at Yucca Flats, conducted with a tower as the detonating point, elaborate devices were adopted to study the effects of the blast. Two houses were constructed near the tower, dummy figures being placed in the basements and in various rooms; and some fifty old motor-cars, also containing dummies, were placed at varying distances from the explosion.



VAST MASS OF BOILING FLAME SEARS THE NEVADA DESERT : This picture was taken a moment after the new tactical field bomb had been detonated from a tower on Yucca Flats, at a spot where two houses had been erected by the civil defence authorities in order to ascertain the volume of damage. Normally such atomic tests are carried out by air bursts, the bomb being dropped from a plane, and timed to burst at a given height. Sometimes in the interests of science it is necessary to know the exact location of the bomb, hence the specially erected atomic tower.

A LESSER ATOMIC EXPLOSION : One of America's tactical bombs being tested in the Nevada Desert. The picture evidences the nature of the fireball, the first feature of every atomic explosion.

On left—
THEY CALLED IT DOOM TOWN : In the foreground is one of the two New England houses exposed to the blast of the latest atomic bomb, and scattered around are some of the motor-cars which were similarly exposed. In the background is the tower from which the bomb was detonated.

A SHAPE THAT HAS BECOME FAMILIAR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD : A cloud mushrooming skyward a few seconds after an experimental explosion. Planes of the U.S. Air Force operate from Kirtland Air Force Base, New Mexico, in the task of recording from every angle the various explosions organised in the desert proving-grounds.

ARCHITECTURAL

A Sixteenth-century Mural and a Half-timbered Wall are Brought to Light by Restorers; Lord Derby's Plan for Knowsley Hall; the New Use for Fenton House, Hampstead

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MURAL DEPICTING THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST IS DISCOVERED IN A HERTFORDSHIRE COTTAGE: *Left*—One of the five panels of the water-colour mural depicting the Baptism of Our Lord, with the figures of St. John the Baptist and an angel, and, *on right*, the cottage at Piccott's End, near Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, in which the discovery was made by Mr. A. C. Lindley, son of the owner of the cottage, during restoration work following the death of the former tenant, whose family had occupied the house for 100 years. The painting, which extends 16 ft. from the front to the back of the cottage, is in red, yellow and blue on straw plaster. It is distinct with the exception of the faces, which have been mutilated, possibly during the days of Cromwell, by vandals. The Rev. A. Malley, Vicar of St. Mary's, a Norman church at Hemel Hempstead, who has examined the mural, said it was typical of the monks' method of teaching illiterates.

On left—

LORD DERBY MAKES KNOWN HIS PLANS FOR THE ALTERATIONS AT KNOWSLEY HALL, PRESCOT, NEAR LIVERPOOL: His idea is to restore, as nearly as possible, the appearance of the buildng as it stood at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lord Derby intends to demolish the porch and portico on the main front and the terraces on each side of it, and the estate office building at the western end of the east-west block. This latter section includes a number of service rooms and a kitchen constructed about eighty years ago, which can now be housed elsewhere in the building, and which, together with the porch and terraces, have, in Lord Derby's words, "no real advantage to-day and serve only to depreciate the appearance of a fine house which should be preserved in the best traditional form." It is hoped that, subject to Ministry approval, the demolition of the one acre of floor space will begin this year. When the work is finished the entrance to the hall will be at first-floor level, and the original ground floor will be exposed.

AN INTERESTING ARCHITECTURAL DISCOVERY AT WELSHPOOL, MONTGOMERYSHIRE, IS MADE DURING RESTORATION WORK: As soon as workmen began removing the outer plasterwork from the wall of this old house in the main street of Welshpool, they discovered the half-timbering, similar to the work at the house next door. The former appearance of the house can be judged from the top floor, where the plasterwork is still intact. The house next door, known as the Prentice Traders Cafe, is said to date back to the fifteenth century.

THE LATE-SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FENTON HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD, CONTAINING IMPORTANT COLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PORCELAIN, IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: The Benton-Fletcher collection of early keyboard instruments, formerly housed at 3, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is also displayed there. Fenton House, which was bequeathed together with an endowment and a collection of pictures, furniture and porcelain to the National Trust by the late Lady Binning, was formally opened last week by Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The house derived its name from a former owner, a Riga merchant, Mr. Fenton, who bought it in 1793. Earlier, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the building was known as Ostend House, and by 1786 as the Clock House, because of the dial which is still visible over the entrance. Lady Binning acquired the property in 1936. The house is open each day, excepting Tuesdays.

On right—

DRIFTING CLOUDS OF FOG SHROUDING BUILDINGS AT STEVENAGE, HERTFORDSHIRE: This is an "inversion" fog, following night radiation under anticyclonic conditions, with a calm clear atmosphere. Under such conditions there is little air movement and often at night-time no cloud. This permits the earth's surface to radiate heat, which is then replaced from the lower layers of the atmosphere. The temperature therefore drops, and the relative humidity rises to nearly 100 per cent. The resultant condensation of water vapour causes the clouds of fog.

Below—

A PASSENGER TRAIN SNOWED UP ON THE LINE BETWEEN BUXTON AND UTTOXETER, STAFFORDSHIRE: Under excessive wintry conditions normal precipitation may arrive in the form of snow, rather than rain. Wind will cause the accumulation of the snow into deep drifts, such as that illustrated on the railway line here. Falls of snow of up to a foot are the equivalent of falls of rain of up to an inch.

WHAT MAKES OUR WEATHER

After One of the Most Unpleasantly Varied and Rigorous Winters an Authority Examines the Multitudinous Factors Which Go to Create Our Unique British Climate

By C. E. P. BROOKS, D.Sc.
Author of "Climate Through the Ages"

"In England," a foreign visitor once said, "you go through all the seasons in a day." Most of us will agree that that was a very neat summing-up of the situation. Yet as we cough our way home through dense winter fog, shiver in the cold, sweat in our unsuitable summer clothes or bitterly regret having forgotten our umbrellas, we rarely stop to think that, when all is said and done, our island is, climatically, quite a good place in which to live. Britain's climate is fickle but usually moderate, and the disastrous floods and fogs which occurred early this year are rare. In the following article Dr. C. E. P. Brooks, an authority on the subject, explains the causes of the rapid and uncomfortable variations in the weather of this country, while on page 462 Uffa Fox discusses the causes of tides around our coasts.

THE best description of our weather ever coined is that it is made up of samples. Storm gives place to sun, cold to warmth, rarely the same from one week to another, giving a stimulating variety without undue extremes, hardly equalled anywhere else in the world. We owe both the variety and the moderation of our weather to three geographical facts. First, our latitude, between 50 and 60 degs., gives us four seasons in the year; the tropics have mostly only two seasons, dry and wet; the polar regions only cold winters and cool summers. The annual average temperature in Britain, about 50 degs., is midway between tropical heat and Arctic cold. That alone would not help us much, for other places in the same latitudes, such as Moscow, are not only 10 degs. colder on the year, but have hotter summers and very much colder winters.

The second fact is our position between a continent to the east and an ocean to the west. The surface of the ground readily gains heat from the sun and loses it to the sky, hence continents are hot in summer and cold in winter. The sea is slow to warm but holds its heat, and as everyone knows, winds off the sea are mild in winter but cool in summer. Since in North-West Europe winds from the west prevail above all others, for most of the year we enjoy this moderating influence to the full. Britain being an island, winds from any direction reach us across the sea, where even north-easters lose some of their rigour. Finally, we have a perennial supply of warmth in the Gulf Stream. The waters of the equatorial Atlantic, swinging north along the coast of America, are driven across the Atlantic by those same west winds, and make the coastal waters of Europe the warmest, for their latitude, in the world. Britain has it all ways: temperate latitude, oceanic climate, and a sea that is always warm.

The geographical background accounts for the climate of this country, but not for the highly variable weather. For the causes of this we must look to the alternation of cyclonic storms with anticyclones or areas of high barometer.

Cyclonic storms or, as they are described in the official weather forecasts, depressions, are born of the interplay of streams of warm and cold air. Cold air from the Arctic blowing south comes into latitudes where the surface of the earth is moving faster and faster from west to east. At the North Pole there is no movement; in latitude 60 any place on the surface is moving eastwards at the rate of 520 miles an hour, and at the equator the rate of 1,038 miles an hour. Air blowing from the north is left behind by the earth moving from under it, and if the ground were perfectly smooth it would become an east wind of enormous speed. It is slowed up by rubbing against mountains, forests, sea-waves, and all the other irregularities of the surface, but it reaches Iceland as a fairly strong east wind. In the same way winds from the south outrun the earth's surface and become westerly winds. These two winds, easterly to the north, westerly to the south, meet along a line called the Polar front, which crosses the Atlantic roughly from W.S.W. to E.N.E. It is not a fixed line, for when the Arctic winds are stronger than usual they push the front southwards, while if the winds from the equator prevail the front moves northwards. It is like a battle front between two armies, which

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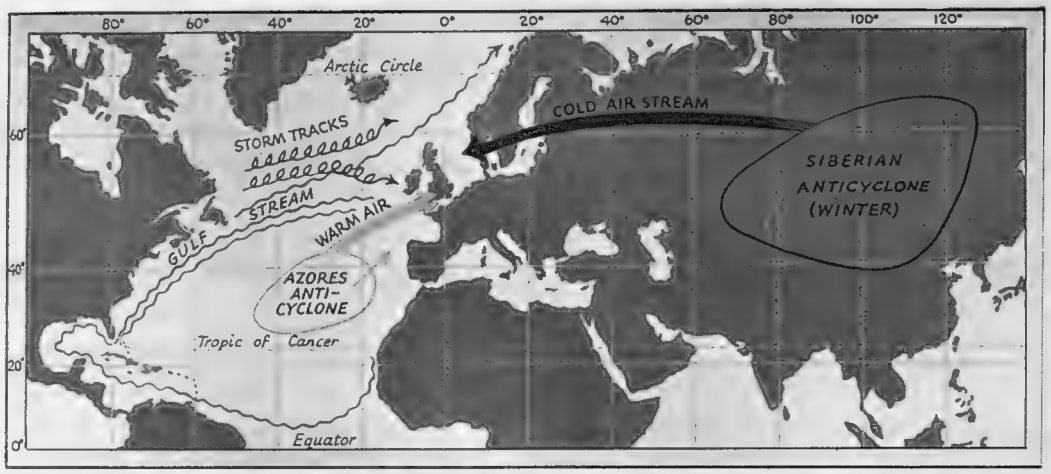
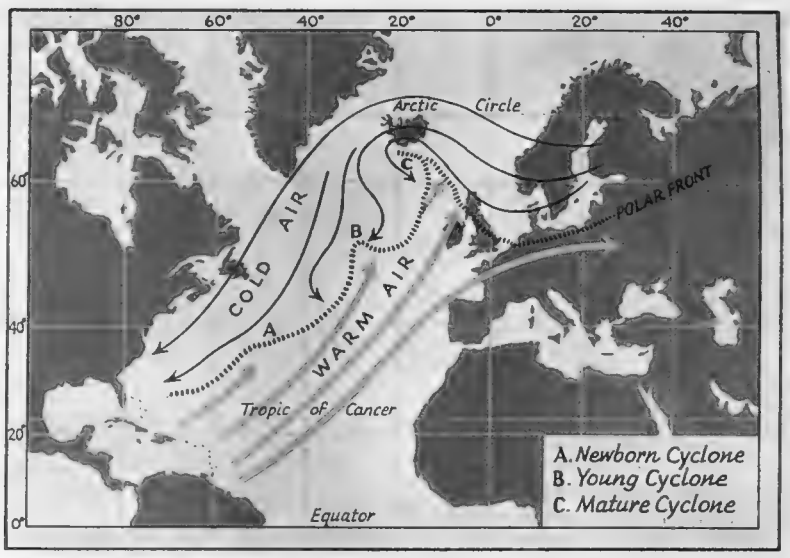
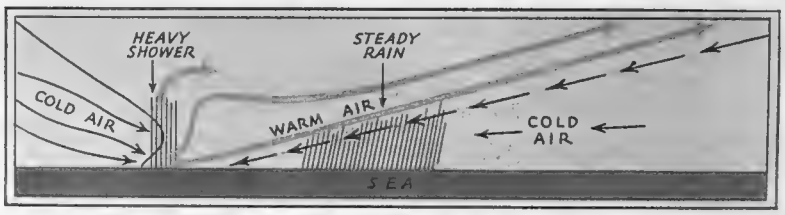


WHY OUR WEATHER IS ALTERNATELY WARM AND COLD, FINE AND STORMY: Warm air blows from the Atlantic, which is warmed by the Gulf Stream. In winter, cold air from the Siberian anticyclone may spread west, bringing frost. Storms travel from the west, and when they move south we have stormy weather. When the Azores anticyclone moves north-east, we have a fine spell.

A DISTORTED TREE AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSET, SHAPED BY STRONG WINDS BLOWING UP THE BRISTOL CHANNEL: Winds constantly blowing from the same direction will often affect the growth of trees in exposed positions. In South-West England trees and hedge-rows are frequently distorted as the result of prevailing south-westerly winds.



ILLUSTRATING THE MEETING OF THE COLD AND WARM AIR STREAMS ALONG THE "POLAR FRONT" IN THE ATLANTIC: (a) A cyclone begins as a small bulge in the Polar front; (b) the bulge grows and becomes a "wave"; (c) the wave breaks, the cold air to the west of the cyclone curving back into the cold air to the east, and squeezing the warm air upwards.



A SECTION ACROSS A CYCLONE: This section is drawn from south-west to north-east along the uppermost light arrow near (c), in the diagram above. The cold air on the left is actually blowing from the south-east, and into the section from above. The warm air rises up the slope and makes cloud and steady rain. Behind the cyclone a wall of cold air arrives as a squall, pushing the warm air straight up and causing heavy rain.

FORK LIGHTNING—TYPICAL OF SUMMER THUNDERSTORM CONDITIONS: In the summer, overheating of the earth's surface by the amount of heat falling on it from the sun sometimes causes a state of instability, and warm, damp air rises. Under these conditions electric charges are built up within cloud masses and at critical points discharges take place either between individual clouds or between clouds and the earth.

SMOKE POURING FROM FACTORIES AND HOUSES IN GLASGOW: One of the factors which accelerates fog formation in industrial areas is atmospheric pollution of this kind. Water vapour needs small particles to condense around, and soot and sulphur products provide these in abundance. Under such conditions dry city fogs will form when humidity is relatively low.

What Makes Our Weather

(Continued from previous page)

moves to and fro as first one and then the other gains the advantage. The Polar front, however, is not just a line on a map; it extends several miles into the air, sloping gently upwards from south to north.

When two streams of air meet like that, especially if one is heavier than the other, they do not flow quietly side by side. They form waves, just as a wind blowing over the sea forms waves in the sea, and in the air too. We cannot see the waves in the air, but birds can feel them and ride them with outspread wings. In the same way waves form in the Polar front. A bulge of warm air from the south runs northward into the cold air stream, while behind it the cold air bulges out southwards. These two tongues of air twine round one another, and we have a cyclone. It is these cyclones which bring the strongest gales and longest periods of wet weather. The wind can reach speeds of well over 100 miles an hour even in Britain, as happened in the gale which devastated the North of Scotland in January this year.

Cyclones in the latitude of the British Isles nearly always move in an easterly or north-easterly direction, their centres travelling along the Polar front. As the front swings from north to south, so do the paths of the cyclones. One season it may lie far to the north, and the cyclones pass across Iceland; then England enjoys mostly quiet, dry weather. Another time the front may move south and swing to and fro over Britain itself; then we have a succession of storms, gales and rain. Occasionally a small but intense cyclone sweeps up the English Channel, and if this happens in winter it may mean a sudden heavy snowstorm in Southern England, but in summer it often means a spectacular thunderstorm. The front can shift quite quickly, and one sort of weather may change to another with little warning, giving headaches to weather forecasters.

Exactly opposite in their nature to cyclones are anticyclones or "highs." These are just places above which there is more air than usual: dumps of air. In contrast to cyclones, they are inactive, the winds are light and there is little or no rain. In the summer the anticyclones will bring very pleasant weather, warm and sunny, but in winter they are often

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT ON LANSDOWN HILL, BATH, SOMERSET, SHOWING THE LITTLE VALLEY AT WESTON IN FINE AND FOGGY CONDITIONS: Under calm, clear conditions the night radiation of the earth will lower the temperature of air near the ground and this cold air will gravitate into the valleys. The resultant fall in temperature leads to condensation, and fog will form in the valleys, to contrast the following morning with bright sunny conditions on the surrounding hills. This may occur at any time of the year, but summer valley fogs are rapidly dissipated by the sun, whereas in winter dense, deep fogs may persist for several days.

cold and foggy. Fog forms where the wind is light and the air is cooled down to the point at which it cannot hold all its water as invisible vapour. This most often happens in late autumn or early winter, when the sea is still warm but the land is chilling fast. In the country fogs are clean and not often persistent. In large towns they are aggravated by the smoke from countless chimneys, which the light winds of anticyclones cannot disperse; these soot particles form nuclei on which the water condenses even before the air is saturated. Dirty yellow town fogs, such as those of last November and December, not only cause damage to buildings and dislocate traffic; they are a real menace to health. Fortunately none of our manufacturing towns are shut in by narrow valleys, or there would be the risk of wholesale massacres like those of the Meuse Valley in 1930 or Donora, Pittsburgh, in 1948.

As the Polar front is the breeding-place of storms, so there are favourite breeding-places for anticyclones. One is near the Azores, where, although the weather is warm, cold air tends to accumulate at a height of several miles and press down the air beneath it. Sometimes, especially in summer, this "Azores high" either spreads bodily north-eastwards towards Britain or gives birth to offspring which set out in the same direction. In the first case the result is generally a long period of fine, dry weather and anxiety about the water supply. The worst droughts of the past century in England have been caused by a north-eastward movement of the Azores high. The offspring are less persistent, but often give us several weeks of fine weather in the holiday season.

The other source of anticyclones lies in winter over the frozen plains of North Russia and Siberia. Here it is the surface air that is cold and heavy; the "Siberian high" is literally a pool of cold air. At times the pool spreads westwards as a wave of intensely cold air which covers all Northern Europe and may cross the North Sea to Britain. These winters of easterly or north-easterly winds are our great frosts, and though they are not so intense here as on the Continent, they often pick up enough water in the North Sea to bring widespread snow.

So far we have been dealing with the broad aspects of the weather in Britain. A large cyclone or anticyclone covers the whole of the country and gives pretty much the same weather, differing only in degree, everywhere. Some of the worst weather may be very local, limited to a few counties or even a single town. One of the worst, but fortunately among the rarest, visitations in winter is a glazed frost. Many will remember the sheets of ice which covered South-West England in January 1940, making travel almost impossible for several days. This was caused by a rare combination of cold air below and warm, wet air above. In the warm air it was raining, and as the raindrops fell through the cold air their temperature fell below the freezing point. If water is not shaken up, it can go to a very low temperature without freezing. So these "supercooled" drops remained liquid until they hit something—the ground, a tree, a telegraph wire, when they immediately flashed into ice. As the fall continued, everything was coated with an inch or more of solid ice. Telephone wires broke beneath 100 lb. of ice between each pair of posts, and hundreds of trees were split from top to bottom by the weight on their branches.

In summer the most spectacular weather comes with thunderstorms. These are caused by cold air over warmer air, a topsy-turvy arrangement which may be due to over-heating of the ground by the summer sun, or to a stream of cold air drifting across a warmer surface wind; the latter is the more effective. The warm air tends to rise, but is held down by the colder air above. When it succeeds in breaking through somewhere it goes with a rush. The water which it holds condenses into drops, but so great is the rush of air that these cannot fall; they are carried still higher into rarefied levels where they freeze. These water drops make the towering cumulus clouds, and resting on them there is often a feathery cloud like an anvil, which is made up of snow crystals. Now several things happen. The water drops and ice crystals break up and make electricity, and when some part of the cloud is highly charged enough, there is a flash of lightning either to another part of the cloud or, more dangerously, to the ground. Some of the water drops freeze round the ice crystals, and hailstones are born. The amount of water and ice which can collect in a thunder-cloud is very great, and if the upward current of air stops suddenly, as may happen when the thunderstorm drifts against a hill, all this accumulated water comes down as a "cloudburst." The heaviest rainfall ever recorded officially in the British Isles—9.56 ins. at Bruton, in Somerset on June 28, 1917—fell in such a storm. The Lynmouth disaster of August 15, 1952, was caused by a thunderstorm over Exmoor, in which 9 ins. was recorded. Rain gauges are few, and it is unlikely that the heaviest rains are caught, so that part of Exmoor may well have had a foot or more of rain on that day.

Rather similar in origin to thunderstorms are whirlwinds. Here the hot air, besides rising through cold air above it, takes on a whirling motion like the water running out of a basin. Small dusty whirls are often seen in hot streets in summer. On a larger scale, tornadoes are caused by cold air blowing across warmer air. Their true home is the United States; in England they are rare, the nearest approach being the Welsh tornado of October 27, 1913, which in less than a minute cut a swathe of destruction several hundred feet wide.

Most of our weather, unpleasant and even disastrous as some of it may appear, is really quite moderate. In England people rarely die of heat-stroke, freeze to death, are struck by lightning or are otherwise killed by weather. Climatically, our island is quite a good place in which to live.

On right—

AN IMPENDING SUMMER THUNDERSTORM: These are cumulo-nimbus clouds associated with instability in the atmosphere. This occurs under summer conditions with the rise into the atmosphere of over-heated masses of air. The consequent cooling of the air masses accompanying the rise leads to condensation of water-vapour and cloud formation.

Below—

FAIR-WEATHER CLOUDS OF SINGULAR BEAUTY: These are technically known as strato-cumulus clouds, of a type frequently occurring in winter. Rain very rarely falls from clouds of this kind, but they may occur before the passage of rain-bringing depressions.

Tides Play Their Part in Britain's Weather

How the Influence on the Seas of the Sun and Moon, Coupled with High Gales, Can Cause Widespread Flooding of Low Coastal Land

By UFFA FOX

THE moon, and to a lesser extent the sun, is the cause of the tidal waves on the earth, and the period between two high waters is 12 hrs. 20 mins., exactly half that of the moon's revolutions round the earth. At every full and new moon we get the highest tides, called "spring tides," from the Norse word swelling, and at the quarters we get the smallest (scarcity) or the "neap tides." The reason for the larger tides at the full and new moon is that at this period the sun and moon are in unison with regard to the tide.

The path of the moon and sun round the earth is in an easterly and westerly direction, and it is very fortunate for us on earth that all the great continents run from north to south. There is the great land mass of Greenland, North and South America, running from the North Pole down almost to the South Polar Regions. Then there is Europe and Asia, Africa and Australia stretching from 80 degs. north right down to 40 degs. south, another great land mass, and these effectively stop tidal currents running in an easterly and westerly direction. Even so, the tides are much stronger round the British Isles in an easterly and westerly direction than those which run north and south.

From a chart of the British Isles, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France, it will be seen that the flood tide in the English Channel runs from west to east and the flood tide in the North Sea runs from north to south, the two meeting between Dover and Dungeness on a varying line at varying states of the tide. These tides are affected by the wind. If there is a westerly gale out in the Atlantic, blowing a great part of the Atlantic Ocean into the English Channel, the Isle of Wight gets an exceptionally high tide and seamen there know that unless the Atlantic gale changes they will get a gale in two or three days' time.

In a similar manner a northerly gale of any strength and magnitude to the north of Scotland will blow the northern waters down into the North Sea, which is funnel-shaped, and this will pile up high in the narrow and shallow part at the south, and so tend to cause floods in Norfolk, Holland and Belgium.

Tidal clocks on the accompanying chart show that Grimsby, Yarmouth and Harwich are all approximately three hours apart with regard to high water, and therefore, if Grimsby had an exceptionally high tide, she could give Yarmouth a three-and-a-half-hour warning and Harwich a six-hour warning. All seamen know that high land has deep water close into it, and, generally speaking, the height of the land gives an indication of the depth of the water. In the North Sea you have the great high land in Scotland and Norway, and very deep water. Then, as you come south, you get the flat land of East Anglia, Holland and Belgium, and the shallow water in between. It is this that makes the North Sea so rough and dangerous, for the big seas, sweeping south, tumble and break as they come on the shallower bank, and on very high tides pound the sea defences of Holland and Norfolk. So the danger from the exceptionally high tides is intensified by huge, breaking waves which greatly increase the height of the water.

The times of high water given are those for the full and new moon, as these are dangerous tides (spring), and people living on land below the sea-level should be on the alert at the full and new moon, when it is high water, at the times indicated on the chart.

We do not get many strong northerly gales from May until October, because through this period the westerly wind generally reigns supreme. The danger to the low-lying countries around the North Sea is, broadly speaking, in the six months from the beginning of November until the end of April. In the English Channel the danger from high tides is in the six summer months, when the westerly winds are reigning, but in these months they do not usually blow long and hard enough to be a source of danger. The tides, however, like the poor, are with us always.

The Ancients never studied tides, for the Greeks and Romans lived on an inland and almost tideless sea, though even here strong winds can blow the waters of the Mediterranean some feet above the normal level. It was, undoubtedly, exceptional gales that dried up the waters to allow the Israelites to pass and then the waters to return and drown the Egyptian hosts who were pursuing them, for in Exodus, Chapter 14, we read:

> "... *caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night and made the sea dry land.*"

The Israelites crossed safely.

> "*when the morning appeared ... the waters returned and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh.*"

From the earliest times the wind and seas have remained uncontrollable, and we of this generation would do well to devote much time and study to them.

At Southampton there is a double high water, caused by the Isle of Wight and the last half of the flood flowing in from two ways around the Isle. It was this double high-water which was the undoing of the courtiers of King Canute. They took him down, as they supposed, at the top of the first high water (when the tide actually recedes backwards over the strand for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before the final flood comes in). Either they stayed a little too long over their mead, or the tide was a little earlier than they thought, due probably to a strong westerly wind. The result was disastrous, for instead of catching the top of the first high water, they were there as the second high water was making—and so Canute's feet were wet from the main flood.

The flood tide runs westward up the River Thames to London Town, and so a strong easterly gale can drive far more of the North Sea into the Thames than usual, and drive this on up, thus overflowing the banks of the Thames and flooding London itself. If, at the same time, a great deal of fresh water was running down through the weirs of the Upper Thames, the situation would be greatly aggravated. The Thames Conservancy, however, have controlled the level of the Upper Thames for a great many years and during the neap tides they open the sluices and let down as much flood-water as they dare. Then they can control the Upper Thames with only a small flow of water during the spring and dangerous tides.

On February 12, 1953, during the neap tides, the flood-waters of the Upper Thames were boiling and rushing down to the sea at 4½ miles an hour, with the river at Eton 3 ft. above the normal high level. As the spring tides approached, this flow was eased away, and the water dropped back to its normal level ready for the spring tide, and an easterly gale, if it came.

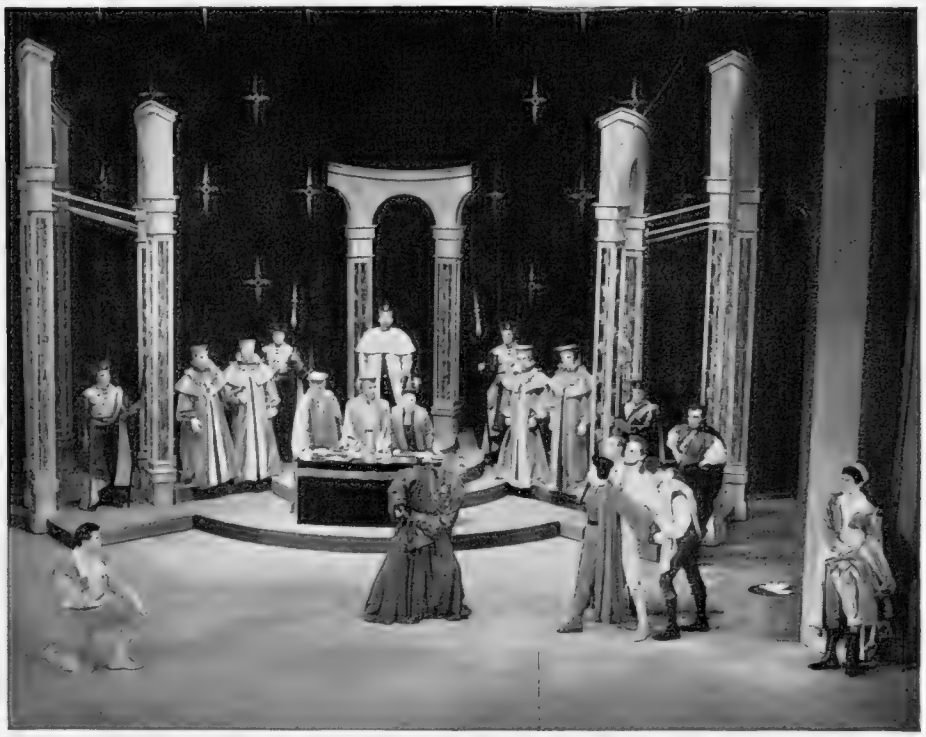
THE MAIN STREAM OF THE FLOOD TIDE AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES: The arrows show the direction of the main stream, and it will be noticed that the flood tide of the North Sea flows south while that of the English Channel flows east, the two meeting near Dover. An exceptional gale north-west to north, to the north of Scotland, would pile up the height of the water which would be driven south with the flood tide, dangerously aggravating the height of the tide. Low-lying land of East Anglia, Holland and Belgium would be in danger of flood at the high tides, which occur at the full and new moon, and at the times indicated on the clocks round the coast. Because of the flood tide surging south, Grimsby could give Great Yarmouth a 3½-hour warning and Great Yarmouth could give Harwich a 2¾-hour warning. Harwich, in turn, could give Hook of Holland another 2¼-hour warning.

On right—
TYPICAL OF THE FLOODING ON THE EAST COAST AFTER THE GREAT STORM AT THE BEGINNING OF FEBRUARY: This view of the flooded Lincolnshire coast was taken from the air at Trusthorpe. In his article, Uffa Fox explains the causes of floods of this kind, and suggests how a warning system could be instituted, taking advantage of the fact that there is a time-lag between high tides at various ports down the east coast.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS THE STRATFORD SHYLOCK

In the Memorial Theatre's Coronation Year Production of "The Merchant of Venice," Shylock's More Villainous Aspects are Defined by Mr. Redgrave's Strong Playing

A ROBUST SHYLOCK IN THE BEST SHAKESPEAREAN TRADITION: Michael Redgrave as the vengeful Jew in the Stratford-on-Avon production of *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Redgrave gives a straightforward rendering of the part, and his strong playing has won great applause at this, the start of Stratford's Coronation year programme. In subsequent productions Redgrave will play Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra* and King Lear—the three highly-charged parts offering a tremendous dramatic challenge.



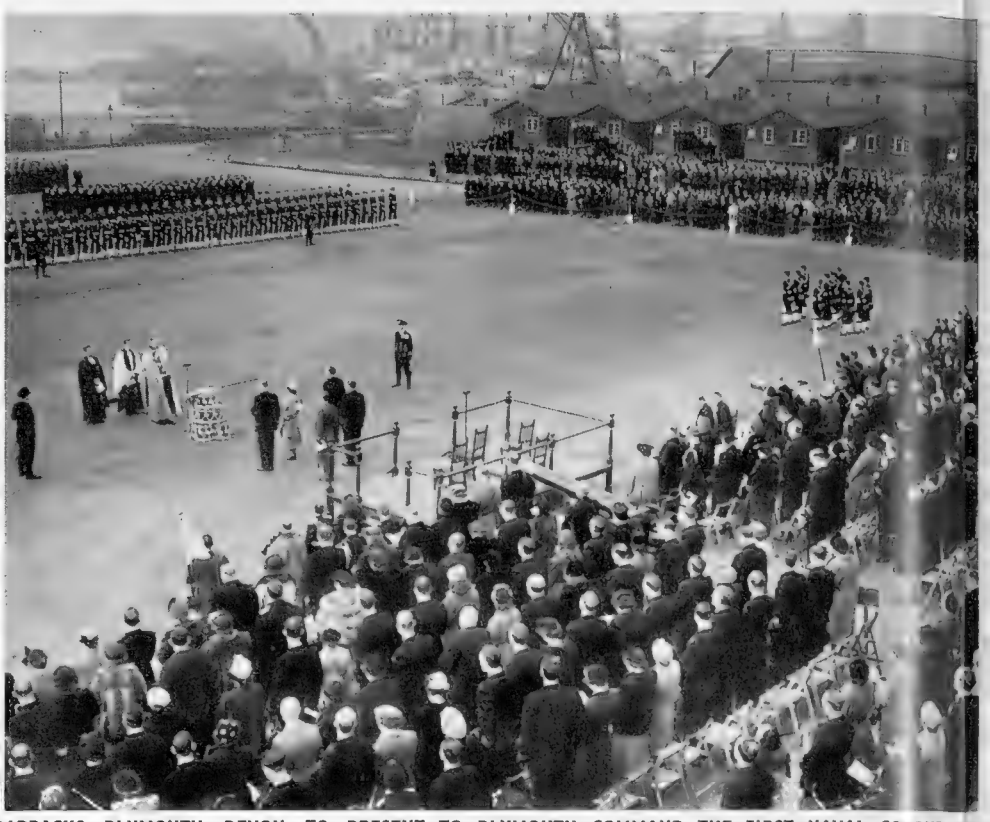
SHYLOCK IS READY FOR THE KILL AND PORTIA RUSHES TO THE DEFENCE OF ANTONIO, STANDING BETWEEN HIM AND THE JEW: The courtroom scene in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. The part of Portia is played by Peggy Ashcroft.

The ninety-fourth Shakespearean season has opened at Stratford, and in Coronation year the celebrated Memorial Theatre is expecting near-capacity business. While a sister-company under Anthony Quayle is playing in New Zealand and Australia, the Stratford Company is presenting *The Merchant of Venice, Antony and Cleopatra, Richard III, The Taming of the Shrew* and *King Lear*. A record total of 360,000 visitors is expected to see the plays this year, and they will see Redgrave in three challenging parts which will beyond doubt exercise his dramatic talents to the full. His rendering of the part of Shylock is in interesting contrast to the rendering of the same part by Paul Rogers in the Old Vic production. Mr. Rogers presents a cultivated Jew, with none of the cringing qualities of tradition and a great deal of natural dignity. Mr. Redgrave shows us a vengeful Jew, admittedly one of marked intellectuality, but none the less more the robust Jew of Shakespearean tradition. His is a superb performance, carefully thought out and with few weaknesses in execution.

AND EVERYBODY LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS—THE FINAL SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," THE REUNION OF THE LOVERS AT BELMONT AFTER THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS IN VENICE: *Left* to *right*—Marigold Charlesworth as Nerissa, Robert Shaw as Gratiano, Tony Britton as Bassanio, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, and Harry Andrews as Antonio. In this new production the comedy is not over-stressed and all the emphasis is upon romance.

THE QUEEN'S COLOUR FOR PLYMOUTH NAVAL COMMAND AND THE R.A.F. REGIMENT

And Other Home News in Pictures, Including the Archbishop's Coronation Press Conference; A St. Patrick's Day Parade; the Course for To-day's Grand National, and Margot Fonteyn's Return to Covent Garden



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER PAYS A VISIT TO THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, PLYMOUTH, DEVON, TO PRESENT TO PLYMOUTH COMMAND THE FIRST NAVAL COLOUR TO BEAR THE ROYAL CYPHER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II: *Left*—Her Majesty receives a bouquet of roses from the youngest and smallest member of the Royal Naval Barracks Boys' Brigade, after inspecting the guard of honour of Royal Marines following her arrival at the barracks to present, on behalf of the Queen, the new naval Colour. Standing on the right of the Queen Mother is Admiral Sir Maurice J. Mansergh, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, whose promotion from Vice-Admiral was announced on the day of the Royal visit. Also in the picture is the Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Alexander Madden. *Right*—The scene on the parade ground as the Chaplain of the Fleet, assisted by representatives of the Roman Catholic and Non-conformist churches, consecrated the new Colour, which is seen draped on piled drums. The Colour is a silk White Ensign, with a crown and royal cypher superimposed on it, while the staff is surmounted by an anchor on a three-faced shield and crown. After the consecration service, the new Colour was handed to the Queen Mother by the Commodore of the Barracks (Commodore J. E. H. McBeath), and then, on behalf of the Plymouth Command, the Colour officer (Lieutenant E. G. Verge) received it from her on bended knee.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRESIDES OVER A PRESS CONFERENCE AND OUTLINES CERTAIN ALTERATIONS TO THE DETAIL OF THE CORONATION CEREMONY: Dr. Geoffrey Fisher said that the Order of Service had been authorised by an Order in Council, and that the main changes would be the representation of the Church of Scotland for the first time, with the Moderator of the General Assembly taking part in the presenting of the Bible at the revised place in the ceremonial; the restoration of the custom of investing the Sovereign with the Bracelets, and other changes in the ceremony concerning the Royal Regalia. Seated on the Archbishop's right are Sir George Bellew, Garter King-of-Arms, and Dr. Alan C. Don, Dean of Westminster. In the picture *above, on right*, the Archbishop has a pensive look on his face before replying to a question put by a reporter. Dr. Fisher agreed that it would be a good thing if all people in the land, wherever they may be, joined in the singing of the offertory hymn, "All People That On Earth do Dwell," at the same time as it was being sung by all those present in the Abbey.

THE IRISH GUARDS MARCH PAST THE COUNTESS ROBERTS AFTER SHE HAD PRESENTED THEM WITH THE TRADITIONAL SPRIG OF SHAMROCK AT CATERHAM BARRACKS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY: Countess Roberts, who is seen on the platform, is the daughter of the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who was the first Colonel of the Irish Guards. The Shamrock is specially flown to Caterham from a shamrock farm in County Cork, Ireland. While the Irish Guards at Caterham, who are mainly recruits, were receiving their shamrock in England, the 1st Battalion, who are serving with the B.A.O.R. in Germany, were being presented with their shamrock by Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, who is their present Colonel.

MARGOT FONTEYN RETURNS TO COVENT GARDEN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SIX MONTHS AND RECEIVES A TUMULTUOUS WELCOME: The celebrated ballerina seen in her flower-strewn dressing-room at the Opera House after dancing "the woman in a black ball-dress" in the Poet's Vision of Apparitions her first dancing role since she fell ill with diphtheria last September. Miss Fonteyn's appearance on the stage was short, but her dancing so delighted the audience that it was fully ten minutes before the applause finally finished. Miss Fonteyn then made a speech, a rare occurrence for a ballerina on the stage, and thanked the audience for their welcome

THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AT AINTREE—WHERE THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE STEEPLECHASING WORLD TAKES PLACE TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 28 : This aerial view of the gruelling course shows in the foreground on the left the grandstands and the Grand National starting-point. Before the first fence, which is also number 17, the field gallops down the course from left to right and across the Melling Road, which is closed for the occasion. The sixth fence in line is Becher's Brook, and this is also the twenty-second fence on the second circuit. The water jump is seen right in front of the grandstand.

A CORONATION SOUVENIR WHICH WILL NOT MAKE ITS APPEARANCE UNTIL AFTER THE CEREMONY—THE BRONZE CAST OF THE SCULPTURE WHICH WILL FORM A FOUNTAIN IN SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W. : Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., inspecting the cast at the Morris Singer Foundry, Dorset Road, S.W.8, while in the background can be seen the base of the fountain on which the figure will be erected. The fountain, which when mounted on its base will rise to a height of about 11 ft., is a gift from the Lord Leighton Fund. It was hoped to have the fountain in place in Sloane Square before the Coronation, but as a Bill must first be passed in Parliament before permission is given for the erection, this will not now be possible.

THE R.A.F. REGIMENT RECEIVES THE QUEEN'S COLOUR : With the new Queen's Colour flying and bayonets fixed, a detachment of the R.A.F. Regiment march back from Buckingham Palace to Wellington Barracks. Carrying the Colour is Pilot-Officer G. A. King. After the Queen had inspected the parade, the new Colour was uncased and placed on the piled drums for the consecration by Canon L. Wright, Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F. After the service of consecration, the Queen received the Colour from Wing-Commander A. B. Riall, who was commanding the parade, and presented it to the colour-bearer, Pilot-Officer King. In her address to the parade the Queen spoke of the devotion to duties shown by the Regiment since its foundation eleven years ago. Her Majesty added : "I know with what pride my father watched your regiment earn its reputation in the field."

The BATTLE for the SPORTS CAR MARKET

As the Sale of Sports Cars to Americans Increases More British Manufacturers Join this Increasingly Popular Market

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

A BONNY battle is in prospect this year between the British manufacturers of sports cars. And the main battleground will be the United States of America. Lurking in the background, to spur the combatants should they show any tendency to flag, is the threat that American automobile builders may themselves start making sports cars in a big way.

There is no doubt that motorists in the U.S. are showing more and more interest in sports cars. I suppose it 's because they form such a pleasant contrast to the big, heavy drawing-room-on-wheels which passes for a saloon motor-car—sorry, sedan—in the States.

Our American friends have the British car builders to thank in large measure for their introduction to the delights of motoring in lively little sports cars, with their snappy get-away, impressive turn of speed, easily-adjusted hoods, ease of control and docility in traffic.

I suppose it was that excellent little car, the M.G. Midget, which really sparked off the sports car vogue in the U.S. M.G. clubs were formed all over the continent and the Nuffield Organisation earned large bags of dollars. Then the bigger and faster Jaguar XK120 arrived on the scene and repeated the M.G.'s success in another sphere.

A number of other British makes, including Allard, Frazer-Nash, Bristol, Healey and Aston-Martin, have also become popular among American sports car enthusiasts.

And this year three newcomers will join the queue of British suitors trying to woo the American motorists who like to cut a dash automobile-wise : the Austin-Healey Hundred, the Triumph Sports and the Sunbeam Alpine.

Most readers will be familiar with the Austin-Healey. This elegant little 100-m.p.h. two-seater with the 2.6-litre Austin Atlantic engine made its debut at the last London Motor Show and so tickled the imagination of Mr. Leonard Lord and his henchmen that the Austin chief immediately did a deal with Mr. Donald Healey, an enterprising Cornishman if ever there was one.

The 2-litre two-seater Triumph also made its first public appearance at Earl's Court last autumn ; a little prematurely, perhaps, for the version put on view at the recent Geneva Show incorporated a number of modifications, including a longer tail and lower screen.

The new Sunbeam was "unveiled" last week. And please note they have dropped the "Talbot." Sir William Rootes' new two-seater sports job will be known simply as the Sunbeam Alpine. Which means there will be no confusion if the new Rootes product finds itself in opposition to any French Talbots in races or trials.

It was a happy thought on the part of the Rootes Organisation to announce their new Alpine on the very day on which they were presented by the R.A.C. with the Dewar Trophy.

As I hinted a few weeks ago, the Alpine has been developed from the Sunbeam Talbot 90, whose well-proved 2,267-cc. o.h.v. engine should give the new two-seater—so much lighter than the saloon—an extremely lively performance. So watch out for the Alpine in competitive motoring this season.

Once again I have sadly to record that the Alpine is an export-only product. And the chief goal is America, whither the Dewar Trophy was flown—after it had been presented to Sir William—as a kind of mascot for the start of a sales campaign there.

The Aston-Martin received a wonderful boost in the U.S. when a DB3 took second place in the twelve-hours race at Sebring, Florida. There were fifty-seven starters, and a DB3 driven by Reg Parnell and George Abecassis finished less than a lap—which measured 5.2 miles—behind the winning car : a 5.4-litre Chrysler-engined Cunningham driven by Fitch and Walters. who were team-mates in last year's Le Mans race.

The DB3 sports two-seater, powered by the new 2.9-litre Aston-Martin engine, covered 894 miles in the twelve hours of the race at an average speed of 74.58 m.p.h.—only 0.38 m.p.h. slower than the winning Cunningham. These two cars had a terrific scrap. It was a great pity that the other DB3 went out early in the race with a damaged back axle after being in collision with another car. Geoffrey Duke was driving at the time. He had done only two laps after taking over from Peter Collins, when he had an argument with a Jaguar after swerving to avoid another car.

It was Duke's first professional race since he switched to cars from motor-cycles, but I know Geoff well enough to say he will certainly not be discouraged by this stroke of misfortune. Two British Jaguars—XK120C models—driven by Americans filled the third and fourth places at Sebring, so congratulations are due to the Coventry firm as well.

The Florida race will have provided valuable practice and experience for John Wyer's Aston-Martin team in preparation for the even sterner race at Le Mans next June. This goes on for twenty-four hours, and, like Jaguars, the Aston-Martin equipe will be all out to erase the memories of last year's failures.

There are fifteen British cars among the sixty entries accepted for Le Mans, and with the single exception of a Belgian-entered Jaguar they will all be factory teams. They include two Allards, three works Jaguars, two Frazer-Nashes, three Aston-Martins, two Austin-Healey Hundreds and two Bristols.

The Allards will have 5.4-litre Cadillac engines. The Jaguars—similar to the cars which had disastrous cooling troubles last year—will be under the capable management of Mortimer Morris-Goodall, who has had a long experience of the Le Mans "classic" as a driver. Perhaps the success which has eluded him in the pilot's seat on the famous Sarthe circuit will come closer now that he has switched from the track to the pits.

I gather that one of the two Frazer-Nash entries will be powered by the 3½-litre Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire engine, as used in the Coventry firm's new saloon. The other car will have a 2-litre Bristol engine.

The Bristol Aeroplane Company's own cars are arousing great interest. They are maintaining a discreet silence about them, but it can be stated that they will be saloons of startling streamline form. Britain's chief opposition at Le Mans will come from the French Talbots and Gordinis, the Italian Ferraris, Alfa-Romeos and Lancias, and the American Cunninghams and Nash-Healeys (there 's that Cornishman bobbing up again !). You will notice that no Mercédès-Benz entries are included in my list.

This German car, last year's winner at Le Mans, will be an absentee this year. After a successful season in sports car racing in 1952, the German firm, with Teutonic thoroughness and determination, have withdrawn from racing this year to give undivided attention to the task of preparing a 2½-litre racing car for the new formula in 1954.

But Germany will be well represented at Le Mans by four Porsches and three 1½-litre Borgwards. The factory Porsches are likely to start favourites in the 1½-litre class, won for the past three years by Britain's Jowett Jupiter, which is not competing this year.

From the glamour of foreign race-tracks let us reluctantly turn to the sober problems of road accidents in Britain and car-parking in Central London.

On the subject of accidents we have heard further from the conference of more than fifty road organisations convened at the suggestion of the Duke of Edinburgh. And as regards parking, an official committee has come out strongly in favour of underground garages and parking meters.

The Road Safety Conference agreed to ask the Minister of Transport to receive a deputation, led by Lord Llewellin, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, to present their proposals. These call for action by the Government, the Ministry of Transport Committee on Road Safety, the constituent organisations of the Conference, other national bodies, and by individual citizens. Priority points include : grading of safety recommendations with a view to their inclusion in the proposed Road Traffic Bill ; intensification of research into road accidents ; road improvements ; more parking places ; more police motor patrols and adult school patrols ; and uniform street lighting.

I wonder if any real good will come out of this Road Safety Conference ? Apart, that is, from the good which must inevitably derive whenever a spotlight is focused on this national scandal of road slaughter ? It was a fine move by the Duke of Edinburgh when he suggested that all the various bodies dealing with road safety should get together to make a combined assault on the problem.

But I can't help thinking that even the Duke is doubtful about the value of the work done by the Conference. For Lord Llewellin has received a letter from Sir Frederick Browning, Treasurer of the Household to the Duke, in which he refers to the reports of the two committees that were set up, and adds : "While fully appreciating the desire of the Conference to send a series of recommendations to the Government, his Royal Highness very much hopes that the organisations represented will, without waiting for official action, make every effort, either singly or in combination, to do what they can within their powers straight away." A letter like that needs no footnote.

One of the priority points mentioned in the Road Safety Conference's proposals is dealt with in the report of the working party set up by the Labour Government in 1951 to report on car parking in Central London. It recommends to the Transport Minister the building of garages beneath nine London squares at a cost of more than £3,000,000, with garages under Grosvenor, Berkeley, Cavendish and St. James's Squares for a start.

These underground garages are intended for cars left for more than two hours. For those stopping for shorter periods the committee recommends the installation of American-style parking meters with charges of 6d. for an hour and 1s. for two hours.

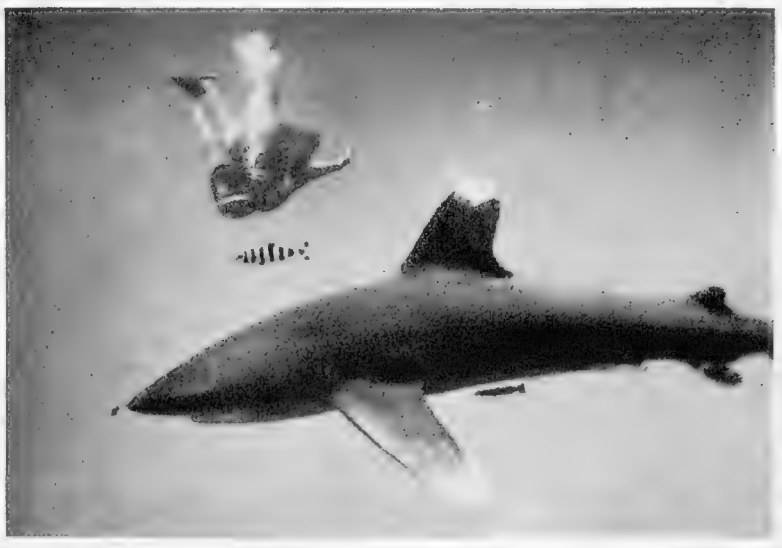
ITALIAN VEHICLES TAKE PART IN THE BLESSING OF CARS ON THE FEAST DAY OF ST. FRANCES : This was the scene in the Colosseum Place at the annual service when the ceremony of blessing the cars was witnessed by big crowds. The service took place close to the Church of Santa Francesca Romana, which is dedicated to Francesca de' Ponziani, a fifteenth-century Roman Saint who was nominated as the protectress of motorists in 1926.

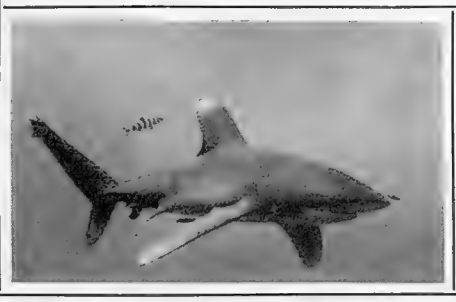
THE TRIUMPH SPORTS CAR WITH A REDESIGNED REAR, WHICH WAS ON VIEW AT THE TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION AT GENEVA : The redesigned rear, in which the spare wheel is enclosed in a compartment of its own, includes a luggage-boot which offers quite a large amount of room for stowing bags or goods.

AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF FINE BRITISH BODYWORK ON SHOW AT GENEVA : This is the Daimler 3-litre coupé in ivory and black, which attracted much attention at the International Motor Exhibition. Altogether there were twenty-six makes of British cars on show at Geneva. The most prominent designs at the exhibition were of the sporting type.

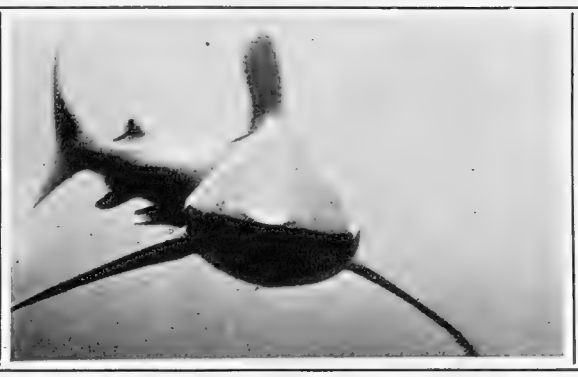
EXPLORING THE SILENT WORLD

A New Book by Captain J. Y. Cousteau With Frédéric Dumas, Describing and Illustrating Their Incredible Adventures During Diving Operations Below the Ocean Surface



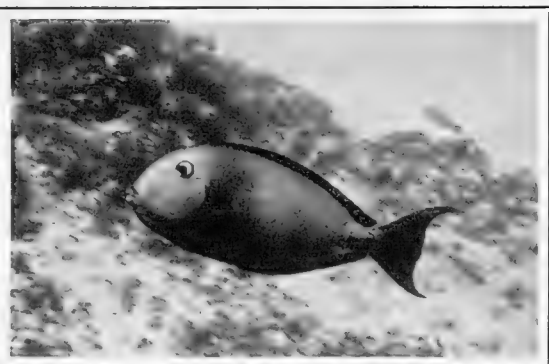


ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK—ONE OF CAPTAIN COUSTEAU'S HARROWING DIVING ADVENTURES: The three pictures above and the three below form a sequence taken when Captain Cousteau and his companion Frédéric Dumas encountered an 8-ft. shark. In *The Silent World* Cousteau tells how they swam towards the shark (*left*), which did not retreat as expected; how they photographed the pilot fish keeping the shark company (*centre*), and how Dumas grasped the shark's tail.



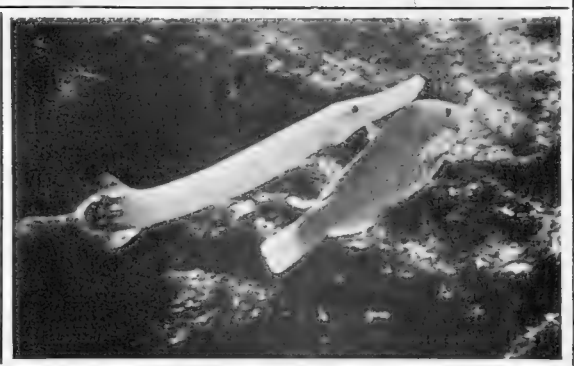
THE SHARK THAT WOULD NOT RUN AWAY: These three pictures, continuing the sequence above, show the 8-ft. monster after it had led the divers down to a depth of 60 ft. For a time the shark watched the men with cold, expressionless eyes, and then turned and glided towards them head-on. The fish was only 2 ft. from the camera when the picture on the *extreme right* was taken. Then, says Captain Cousteau, "With all my strength I thrust the camera and banged his muzzle. I felt the wash of a heavy body flashing past and the shark was 12 ft. away." It was some time before the two divers finally escaped the beast's unwelcomed attentions.

FRÉDÉRIC DUMAS WINS A BET BY BRINGING UP 280 LB. OF FISH IN FIVE DIVES: This was in the "goggle-diving era," before Captain Cousteau had perfected his famous "Aqualung." On each dive Dumas speared a huge fish in the short period he could hold his breath.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE WATERS AT CAPE VERDE: The wary surgeon-fish, which gets its name from the razor-sharp retractable "scalpel" at the base of its tail-fin. *Above, on right*—The thin and lonely trumpet-fish attempting to make friends with a parrot fish.

DUMAS SWIMMING WITH AN OCTOPUS: He found that octopi were bashful animals which refused to fasten their suction cups to the flesh. Dumas insisted on playing with them and eventually "found them willing to dance."



AN ANGRY-LOOKING MORAY EEL IN A CAPE VERDE REEF: In spite of the eel's ferocious appearance, Captain Cousteau says that it will not attack men diving in the sea. "Alas, it is as prosaic as you and I and the cat. It wishes to be unmolested in the routine of life. It is a confirmed home-lover."

The countrymen of Marco Polo might have been forgiven for scoffing at the accounts of his adventures in foreign lands. They lived in a small world, and rarely encountered anything stranger than a new cheese. To-day we are beset on all sides by new marvels and new miracles, man-made or man-discovered, and we grow less sceptical every day. Whether it is Dr. Hoyle propounding his idea of continuous creation or Dr. Einstein explaining all physical phenomena of the universe, we are amazed and entertained, but never incredulous.

But only the camera could convince us, as it does, of the wonders encountered by Captain Cousteau and Frédéric Dumas in their explorations of the sea-bed, vividly described and illustrated in *The Silent World*, published yesterday by Hamish Hamilton. Their exploits include searching for the submerged ruins of ancient Carthage, salvaging Greek and Phœnician remains from Mediterranean wrecks, swimming through forests of coral and investigating the secrets of the dark and dangerous Fountain of Vaucluse, near Avignon.

Could anything be more bizarre than the discovery of an octopus city? That is what the divers found below the sea north-east of Porquerolles, off the South of France.

"We could hardly believe our eyes. Scientific knowledge, confirmed by our own experiences, shows that the octopus lives in crannies of rock and reef. Yet here were strange villas, indisputably erected by the octopi themselves. A typical home was one roofed with a flat stone 2 ft. long and weighing perhaps 20 lb. One side of the stone had been raised 8 ins. and propped by two lintels, a stone and a red building brick. The mud floor inside had been excavated 5 ins. In front of the lean-to was a wall of accumulated débris: crab and oyster shells, stones, shards of man-made pottery, sea anemones and urchins. A tentacle, extended from the dwelling, curled round the rubble, and the octopus's owl-like eyes peered at me over the wall. When I went closer, the tentacle contracted, sweeping the débris up against the door, concealing the inhabitant."

Encounters with "man-eating" sharks were no less astonishing.

"One day we were finishing a film sequence on trigger-fish when Dumas and I were galvanised with ice-cold terror. It is a reaction unpleasant enough on land, and very lonely in the water. What we saw made us feel that naked men really do not belong under the sea.

"At a distance of 40 ft. there appeared from the grey haze the lead-white bulk of a 25-ft. *Carcharodon carcharias*, the only shark species that all specialists agree is a confirmed man-eater. Dumas, my bodyguard, closed in beside me. The brute was swimming lazily. In that moment I thought that at least he would have a belly-ache on our three-cylinder 'lungs.'

"Then the shark saw us. His reaction was the last conceivable one. In pure fright, the monster voided a cloud of excrement and departed at an incredible speed."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A MASTERLY STORY OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

Miss Cowles' Biography Heads This Week's Books, which also include Memoirs, Essays, Reportings and Novels

IN the first seven years of his life, there may have been doubts about the shaping of Winston Churchill's character or the degree of attack that he would bring to a future career. After that date there can have been none, for there is in existence a photograph of the little boy at seven, and Miss Virginia Cowles has used it in her extremely readable new biography, which shows that the Prime Minister was already a personage then, already had perfect self-assurance, considerable intelligence and plenty of fighting spirit. Winston in this photograph, in fact, with his neat hair and neater white sailor suit, is unmistakably already the Winston of the Great War speeches, the Winston who has fought his elections in almost every sense of the word, and the Winston who survived ten years in the political wilderness.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, The Era and The Man (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), is a masterly piece of work if only because it demonstrates that a good biography need not weigh 6½ lb. or contain 500,000 words. This biography is shapely, lively and often provocative. Miss Cowles writes with partiality, it is true, but she has succeeded in giving a very clear rendering of a pro-Churchill view of Churchill, and that is something that we should all know about.

The second volume of THE HOOVER MEMOIRS (Hollis and Carter. 30s.)—The Cabinet and the Presidency—will be an improvement on the first as far as non-political readers are concerned, because it deals with personalities and crises that we all remember even if our knowledge of them was hitherto pretty shaky: 1920 to 1933, the period covered in the present book, saw among other things, the inaninities of the roaring '20's, the emergence of radio as a force, the oil scandals which shook the White House to its foundations, and, finally, the successive administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Mr. Hoover himself. Incidentally, it occurs to me that he no longer holds the distinction of being the only living ex-President. He has a colleague in Independence, Mo.

Mr. Hoover writes of the personalities as well as the political phases he has known and, naturally, of the great stock market crash of 1929, and the resulting slump. One point that interested me particularly, however, was the paucity of references to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, after all, was around at the time, and succeeded Mr. Hoover to the Presidency in 1932, that is, within the time span of this volume.

What enchantment there is in the pages of MEMORIES (Macgibbon and Kee. 16s.), the sixth and, sadly for us all, the last volume of Sir Desmond MacCarthy's essays on writers, on poets, both contemporary and classic, and on schoolday experience. In their forewords, Mr. Raymond Mortimer writes that "no other man I have known possessed such a genius for friendship," and that we have lost "the best of our contemporary critics"; Mr. Cyril Connolly that "unlike many intellectuals, he understood that the feelings of stupid people are as vulnerable as those of the intelligent," and that "in private he revealed a strong and wary mind and considerable impatience with all kinds of nonsense and sentimentality."

Whether on Maupassant or Maugham, on Lytton Strachey or Thurber, one reads Desmond MacCarthy's views with delight, and if there is matter for disagreement, then how deeply one misses the opportunity for a real discussion. As for glorious, hot-headed, honest invective, let me recommend you to his review of Mr. Auden's introduction to a selection from Tennyson's poems.

If you know something about the making of motion pictures; if you don't know but would like to, or if you enjoy a brilliant piece of reporting, then Mrs. Lillian Ross's PICTURE (Gollancz. 16s.) is the book for you. In this volume, many aspects of which are as terrifying as a stroll through a tiger's lair, every side of Hollywood film-making is observed and relentlessly put down on paper. It is a terrific performance in itself, and it is not surprising to find that the book's first form was a series of articles in the *New Yorker* magazine. The film in question was *The Red Badge of Courage* from the great Civil War story; the director was John Huston, one of the three best living makers of films, and the result was described by an advertising manager as "a flop *d'estime*."

INUK (Macmillan. 21s.) is worlds away (and thank Heaven for the processes of printing and publishing, and, of course, writing, which can give us both): the record of a Catholic priest's experiences during fifteen years as a missionary among the Eskimos in the Far North of Canada. Father Roger P. Buliard was a young man when he first journeyed up into the Arctic Circle and discovered that to convert the Eskimos to his religion he had not only to learn their language and compile a prayer book in it, but to prove that he could live as they did, as arduously and as dangerously. It is a wonderful book, scrupulously translated from its original French, illustrated by photographs of Father Buliard and the Eskimos sawing ice, hunting seals and pursuing such Arctic practices, and it is altogether a valuable document from the anthropological point of view.

THE STRANGER'S SON (Geoffrey Bles. 21s.) gives the reader yet another instance of the unending richness of letters, for it is a scholarly and vivid reconstruction of the life of a seventeenth-century figure, a Huguenot of Flemish extraction who practised in London as a physician and had a great influence over the Royal College of Physicians, whose chief benefactor he became. Dr. John Keevil writes of Baldwin Hamey's life through the Great Plague and the Fire of London, and his career as a leading doctor of his times, with a scholar's respect for the factual, and with a natural grace of expression.

BOOKS ON SPECIALISED SUBJECTS

RARE AND EXTINCT BIRDS OF BRITAIN (Phœnix House. 21s.), *by Ralph Whitlock, is the first thorough survey of Britain's rare and extinct birds for several generations. In this book, illustrated with 85 monochrome plates, the author describes the characteristics of each species, gives the facts and the figures, and the districts favoured by birds of local habit.*

THE MAKING OF A TROUT STREAM (Seeley, Service. 15s.), *by Eric Taverner, with many woodcuts, is the story of a fisherman's river. In a series of letters there is discussed the problems of water, weed, fishes and their food.*

A further addition to Cassell's River Series is **THE KENTISH STOUR** (Cassell. 15s.), *by Robert H. Goodsall. It is the story of the river as it winds its way from Lenham through the historic countryside to the sea at Pegwell Bay. The volume is enriched with 56 photographs.*

The wartime feats of the Marine Salvage men are told by David Masters in **EPICS OF SALVAGE** (Cassell. 18s.). *In his book the author recounts many of the wonderful achievements performed by the divers in saving innumerable ships at a time when shipping losses were one of the country's major problems. There are several illustrations.*

CROCKFORD'S (Hutchinson. 15s.) *or* **The Goddess of Chance** *in St. James's Street, 1828-1844, centres around the celebrated nineteenth-century gambling house which, founded in 1828 by William Crockford, rapidly became the rage of London and the haunt of the* beau monde. *A. L. Humphreys tells anecdotes of several well-known characters.*

Over 100 pages of illustrations in colour and black-and-white are included in **EARLY CHINESE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN** (Faber. 30s.), *a new volume in the Publisher's Monographs on Pottery and Porcelain. The introductory essay, describing the wares of the Chinese period from about the ninth to the fourteenth centuries, is written by Basil Gray.*

The novel is becoming an increasingly varied, even an increasingly loose literary form, as can easily be seen by comparing a batch of the past twelve months' products with one of only thirty or forty years ago. This is partly due, of course, to the simple fact that there just are *more* novels nowadays, and partly to the inevitable change and development in the novelist's craft. Nevertheless, a great many readers still appreciate stories about what happens to people, as distinct from what happens to cosmic moods, and this week's selection might have been especially designed for them.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS (Collins. 10s. 6d.) to begin with. This is the third book in a trilogy by David Mathew, in which Archbishop Mathew has not written of the same or even of related characters but has chosen a period, from 1946-1951, and has examined the behaviour of three different groups of people, in contrasted settings in that time. I found the present novel the most satisfying of the three, though its setting of a Welsh harbour town is by no means the most promising. The character drawing here is nearly flawless, and the thread of humour, sometimes implicit, sometimes stated, a real delight.

Mr. George Millar's new novel, SIESTA (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is also his best, and how pleasant it is to be able to report that instead of a faint disappointment. The plot is concerned with a young English artist of great talent and a very astute eye to the money bags, who exploits everyone with whom he comes into contact, and still continues to be a very good painter indeed. There is humour here, too, and a wonderfully acute picture of an English county community.

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is the first prose book of a West Indian poet, Mr. George Lamming, who writes sensitively, as might have been expected, and vigorously, about a village in Barbados and the changes that affect its people in, roughly, the years between 1935 and 1944. This, too, is a novel of character and a distinguished one. I particularly liked the portrait of the radical village cobbler whose oracle is J. B. Priestley.

LOVE'S A MAN OF WAR (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is essentially a novel of family life, in England and India, and covers a wide span of seventy-five years, chiefly in the person of an intelligent Englishwoman, born to a respectable but not glittering social circle in Highgate, and adventuring, physically, emotionally and intellectually, through loves and marriage, child-bearing, office work and a candid, unsentimental interest in her fellow-creatures. Congratulations to the book's author, Violet Dean.

GRAVE EXAMPLE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is, by and large, a piece of rollicking fun, even though it does open with the phrase: "Fifteen cadavers lay on fifteen soapstone slabs . . ." Mr. Barnaby Dogbolt has set his story in the medical school of a Southern University and has played successfully with two comic themes in it: the efforts of the Dean's daughter to dodge the marriage planned for her, and the grand controversy among the Faculty of a proposed portrait of the Dean.

PLAYER PIANO (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is still about people, even though Kurt Vonnegut has set it in a period after a third world war, and has trimmed the plot with such forward-looking gadgets as talking cars and omnipresent tape recorders. In spite of these, and an ominous list of mechanical contrivances the novel contrives to be lively and inventive.

MAGIC BOOKS FROM MEXICO (Penguin. 4s. 6d.) is an introduction by Mr. C. A. Burland to the pictured histories of the Aztecs, and since he is one of the few people at present engaged in research on the subject, his pages have all the enthusiasm that emanates from the expert.

Theodore Dreiser's *A Book About Myself* will be read and read again as one of the best autobiographies of a young and perceptive American writer at the turn of the century. Maxim Gorky's three volumes *My Childhood, In the World* and *My Universities* possess those same qualities of perception, but whether the undoubted likeness with Dreiser has been unduly emphasised through the admittedly free translation of these volumes by a brilliant young American critic and poet, Isidor Schneider, few of us can really know. Nevertheless, in THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MAXIM GORKY (Elek Books. 25s.), Mr. Schneider has produced a story in most fluid and colloquial style. Gorky, at sixteen, failed to secure education at Kazan University, and thus it was he resumed the vagabond life which he started earlier when he ran away from home, worked as assistant to a cook on a Volga steamer, worked in a biscuit factory and an iron foundry, and generally did anything that came to hand, in so doing acquiring almost inexhaustible material for his pen. Mr. Schneider has clearly carried out his task of translating these reminiscences as a labour of love, and he has done a real service in making one of the greatest of Russian works accessible to English-speaking readers. This is a work of scholarship in marked contrast to the first translations of the Gorky trilogy which were so unceremoniously rushed through the press, in some passages, in consequence, bearing little resemblance to the original.

Senor German Arciniegas has had something more than a flair for good writing and a capacity for the close and accurate observation of the trained reporter at his command in preparing his survey THE STATE OF LATIN AMERICA (Cassell. 21s.) This Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, U.S.A., was born in Bogota, Colombia and has twice been Minister of Education in the Colombian

THE YOUTH OF GORKY

A New Translation of the Trilogy

Government. He has a shrewd idea of most of the ins and outs of South American politics, and in his survey he tells us what is happening and what he thinks is likely to happen in this vast area extending from Mexico to Chile and possessing a population of 153,000,000, exceeding, indeed, that of the United States. The main question he poses relates to Peron's Argentina. To what extent is it a new and menacing centre of Fascism, he asks. At times Arciniegas makes one feel that Peronism is a new religion. At every turn he shows us dictatorship and poverty going hand-in-hand, with everywhere an upper crust of extreme luxury. His survey is obviously deeply knowledgeable, and for that reason deeply alarming.

To know Exmoor properly it must be ridden on a horse, preferably without the distraction of hounds and without a hunted deer to lead the way, and in its calm, detached beauty it has a pull that lasts a lifetime. Between the Brendon Hills and Barnstaple, the Bristol Channel and the South Molton–Exbridge Road is an area of heather-covered hills and deep-wooded combes, rich in history and in ancient lore. Laurence Meynell, author of the latest of the Regional Books EXMOOR (Robert Hale. 18s.), expresses the true glory of these uplands in simple words that bear testimony to his own devotion to the place. Travel with him, for instance, up the hill from Porlock to Stoke Pero and Wilmersham, spend a few moments with him in the little churches and the farmhouses that nestle amid the combes, or go with him to Exford, where they don't think much of cricket, but have a partiality for sports upon the green, and the impression is strongly given that here is a writer who understands the West, and in particular that part of it which rises high above the Bristol Channel with Dunkery Beacon as its noble and nationally protected centrepiece.

Alastair Scobie is one of those big-game hunters who have preferred to go out with the camera instead of with the gun. His happy hunting-ground has been the Serengeti National Park in East Africa, and he calls his well-illustrated book about the place ANIMAL HEAVEN (Cassell. 25s.). Over forty pages of photographs bear testimony to the accuracy of his photographic marksmanship

Thomas Weir, whose mountain photographs are well known to SPHERE readers, has an innate love of the high places and, which is more, a marked ability to write about them. In THE ULTIMATE MOUNTAINS (Cassell and Company. 21s.), Mr. Weir describes some of his latest adventuring in Garhwal and Almora. He spent four months in that part of the 1,500-mile Himalayan range, and he has illustrated his book with more than eighty-five photographs.

Another notable contributor to THE SPHERE, who also hails from north of the Border and whose latest book also appears this week, is Moray McLaren. Mr. McLaren calls his book A SINGING REEL (Hollis and Carter. 16s.), but it is not by any means a book for fishermen only. The author makes casts in many directions in the hope, as he says, of rises from many quarters. Some of his happiest times, however, have been spent fishing for trout and for sea trout, and Mr. McLaren records them with obvious joy as he recalls also what he chooses to call his "divagations from the waterside."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BOWATER ORGANISATION

have recently been established at Bowater House in Stratton Street, London. This drawing by Myerscough Walker looks southwards down Stratton Street towards Piccadilly and Green Park. An impressive building, it is a fitting Headquarters for the great organisation that produces, converts and distributes to all parts of the world so many millions of tons of the world's paper — paper that becomes the wrapper for your food, paper for the newspapers, magazines and books you read, paper for the sacks and drums that have a thousand industrial uses, paper for the packages that protect delicate machinery . . . all these and many other things made by Bowaters from paper touch our lives in some way every day.

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RULING THE WAVES

HOW DO YOU KNOW where to drill for oil when it is tucked away deep beneath the surface of the earth? One method of helping to discover this buried treasure is by 'manufacturing' miniature earthquakes. The explosive waves reflected from layers of underground rock are later interpreted in Anglo-Iranian's geophysical laboratories at Kirklington Hall, Nottinghamshire. From the pattern of these waves it is possible to tell where oil is likely to be located.

A large proportion of crude oil which Anglo-Iranian extracts from deep down in the earth is destined to provide fuel for ships. Today, more than eighty per cent. of the world's sea-going shipping is powered by oil.

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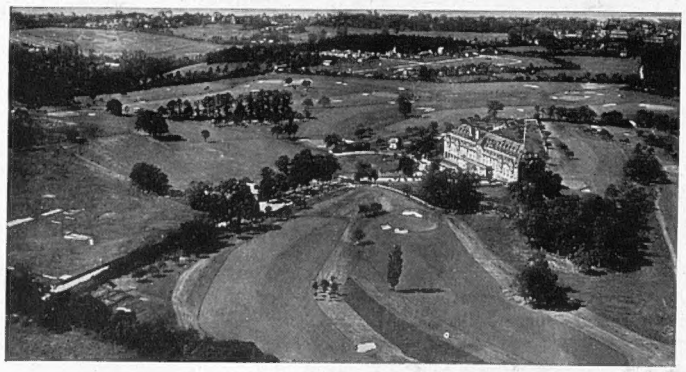

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

DISASTERS are not always as bad as our imaginations lead us to believe, and I am glad to be able to broadcast the news that a number of hotels which we might suppose had suffered from the Devon and East Coast floods were either unaffected or, in any case, will be open to receive holiday visitors as usual from Easter and onwards.

Lynmouth will function as a holiday resort again this year, and though several of her best-known hotels will have to be demolished or rebuilt, the popular *Tors Hotel*, which stands high up above the town, will be ready and waiting to welcome its faithful clientele. And how lovely this section of North Devon and Exmoor can be in the springtime! For Exmoor itself I can put you on to a cluster of excellent hotels, ranging from coastal ones such as *The Northfield* at Minehead, and the smaller *Langbury Hotel* at Blue Anchor Bay, to *Dunkery Beacon Hotel*, Wootton Courtenay, with riding stables attached; also *Edgcott House Hotel*, situated at Exford, in the very heart of the Moor, and that well-known fishing inn, *The Royal Oak*, at Withypool. Another is *Tarr Steps Hotel*, a country house near Dulverton, with three miles of fishing on the Barle, and, finally, *Woodcote Hotel*, at Dulverton, a homely, friendly base for enjoying Exmoor as a whole. All of these, situated on high ground, were unaffected by the Barle and the Exe bursting their banks.

Reading on the radio news-tape at sea about the disastrous floods on our eastern seaboard, I was glad to discover on my return that few of my recommended hotels had suffered. Perhaps the most badly-hit was Mr. John Paquot (many will remember him as manager of *Reid's Hotel*, Madeira), who has acquired *The Blakeney Hotel*, Blakeney, on the North Norfolk coast. During the height of the flood, several unmanned cruising yachts, having dragged their anchors, sought refuge in the hotel's garages, and the waters caused considerable damage in the basement. But all this will be a thing of the past by Easter, when *The Blakeney Hotel* will welcome its visitors as usual.

Lieut.-Commander Freeland, skipper of *Dormy House Hotel*, Brancaster, reports: "Full steam ahead!" Not only has the hotel suffered no damage, but golfers, in particular those from the Midlands, have discovered that when other courses are flooded, the 18-hole Brancaster course is one of the driest in Britain. "It 's an ill wind . . ." At any rate, for the surety of sunny, dry and bracing air, this Brancaster coast is becoming more deservedly popular, since it provides as good a guarantee of fine weather as one can hope for in Britain.

So please, in fairness to these hotels and other good ones that you may know of in the areas concerned, ventilate the news that from Easter onwards the light is green.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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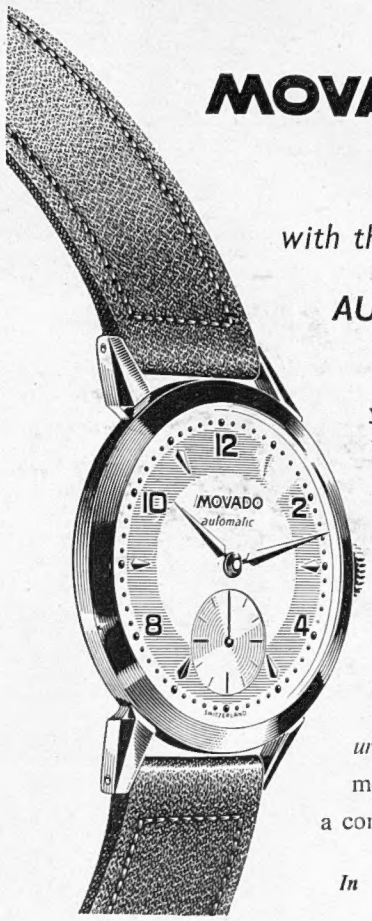

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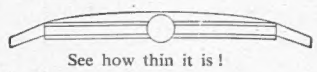

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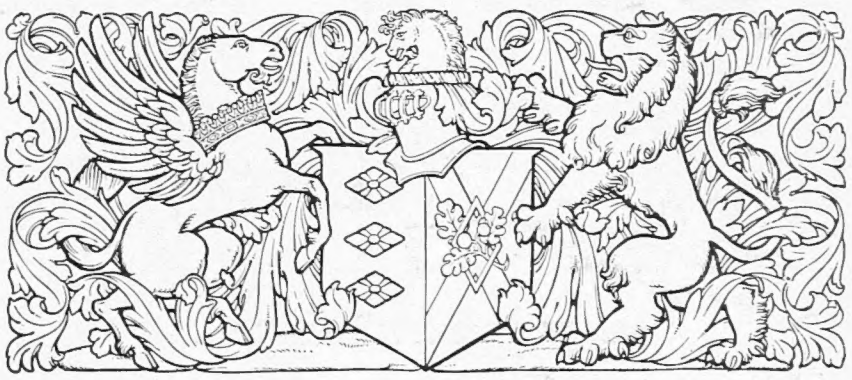

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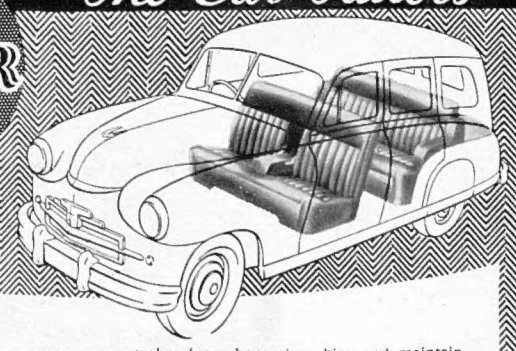

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